

THE ROUND TABLE.

New Series.—No. 12.

New York, Saturday, November 25, 1865.

Price { \$6 a Year, in Advance
Single Copies, 15 Cents

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

THE present age is eminently an age of books. The chief communication of mind with mind is through the medium of the printed page. We do not hang upon the lips of seers and sages; we only buy their books. Every department of art, science, literature, theology, and philosophy has its own special bibliography. The books which merely record the titles of other books amount to a considerable library. The aggregate of all the volumes annually published in the world swells to an amount so large that it makes no distinct mark upon the mind, but, like the distances of the solar system, leaves only an indefinite impression of something vague and vast. And, as compared with periods that have gone before it, this may be called the age of children. In other words, there never was a time in which so much attention was paid to education, or when the training of children was a matter of so much interest as at the present day. There never has been a time in which the course of domestic life was so much influenced by a regard to the health, the happiness, and the moral and intellectual growth of the children of the family. The distance between parents and children is not now so great as it once was. The iron rule of a former generation is broken; there is more of love and less of fear. The atmosphere of the domestic circle is softer, more genial, more expanding to the buds of feeling. Children are consequently more natural, more spontaneous, more free, and sometimes, it must be confessed more troublesome. Happy is the child that is born to-day as compared with the child that was born seventy or eighty years ago!

Not only is the press at this time prolific beyond all precedent or parallel, but there is a greater proportion both of books upon education and of books written for the special instruction and entertainment of children. It is only with the latter of these that we propose to deal. This is a large and increasing department of literature. There are several periodical publications which are exclusively prepared for children, and of the books of this class the number is legion. There are many writers, male and female, both in England and America, who are constantly employed in the production of books for young persons. Many of these books are, in point of literary merit, more than respectable; and, in general, their moral tone is unexceptionable, if not absolutely good. Most of them are narratives or stories, crowded with a rapid succession of adventures, and the interest is kept up by frequent shiftings of the scene, by perils by land and sea, by hairbreadth escapes, daring achievements, and fortunate accidents, often extremely improbable, but too fascinating to awaken criticism. In others, the events of the story, of a more domestic and everyday character, are so framed as to convey a distinct moral lesson, either openly avowed or obviously indicated.

It may be asked, what harm is there in all this? Books amuse children, keep them out of the streets and out of mischief, fill up the intervals between the hours of school, and greatly lighten the burdens of fathers and mothers. If boys and girls are not reading, they will be doing something worse. Why should not the habit of reading be encouraged in all possible ways, and why should not the curiosity of children be stimulated by a constant succession of new books? To questions like these we answer, that in the first place the reading of too many books is in itself a source of injury rather than of growth to the mind. This, however, is a case in which children are but common sufferers in a general calamity. We all read too much, or rather too many books. Books are so plentiful, so accessible, and so cheap, that reading becomes a mere pastime. Books are sought simply because they are new. The impression made by one

book is effaced by that made by another, as rapidly as cloud-shadows pass over the landscape on a summer's day. Under the excitement of perpetual novelty the mind loses the power of fixed and continuous attention, and the images left upon the memory are as indistinct as the shapes of last year's clouds. But with grown up men and women, the duties of life, and the employments by which they earn their bread, act as a corrective to the enfeebling influence of miscellaneous reading. The daily tasks to which they are summoned furnish a continuity of interest, and supply even the elements of mental growth. But children have no such advantage. They have only their school-studies to brace the mind and give tone and convergence to the faculties. But here the conflict is simply between two sets of books, books in school and books out of school; and the latter are constantly interfering with the former.

But the quality of a large proportion of the books specially prepared for children is objectionable no less than the quantity. They are mostly narratives or stories; in other words, novels of a smaller growth. Their object is to amuse and not to instruct; if they are not interesting, they are nought. They belong to a class of books which is commonly called sensational. They deal largely with the romantic side of life and the sentimental side of human nature. The effect upon the mind is stimulating but not invigorating. The parent who should feed his children upon cake, candy, and ice-cream would be justly held to be well-nigh insane; but the books of which we are speaking bear the same relation to the mind that cake, candy, and ice-cream bear to the body. They are intellectual confectionery and not nutritious food. They furnish no elements of mental growth. They enfeeble the mind by keeping it in a constant state of excitement, which is a morbid combination of restlessness and indolence.

It will be admitted that it is a bad preparation for the duties of life to have the imagination occupied beforehand with images and pictures which are exaggerated, unreal, and false; and such is the criticism which must be passed upon very many of the children's books at the present day. The writers of such books can make them successful only by making them attractive, and to do this they must put in enough of seasoning and spice to please palates already cloyed with intellectual dainties; and thus their stories are stuffed full of wild adventures and thrilling incidents, in which truth and probability are sacrificed, but by which a feverish and breathless interest is kept up from first to last. The atmosphere of such books is as unhealthy to the mind as the air of a room overheated by stoves is to the body. We can adduce no better proof of the evil influence of the highly stimulating literature on which boys and girls are now brought up than the statement which has been so often made to us that we fear it must be true, that in the councils of Young America even the "Waverley" novels are voted dull!

To trace the connection between the books read in childhood and youth and the mental and moral growth, the usefulness and happiness of men and women in after life, would require a volume rather than an article, but that there is such a connection no one will for a moment question. The best preparation for the duties of life is to start with a healthy mind and a healthy body; and mental and bodily health are secured in the same way, by simple and nutritious food, and by vigorous exercise. But the constant reading of the exciting and stimulating trash which forms so considerable a proportion of the juvenile literature of the day enfeebles the mind, fills it with morbid fancies and corroding discontent, disposes it for athletic exertion, and makes it shrink from prosaic duties. But

life, even the happiest life, is full of trials and sacrifices, and no life has any dignity or grandeur! that does not turn upon the poles of labor and renunciation. The great evil of the incessant reading of books of entertainment is that they occupy the attention without employing the faculties. The mind is entertained but not exercised. Such reading is mere pastime, and not occupation; and it should be an occasional luxury and not a daily habit.

Girls suffer more than boys from the unnatural, unreal, over-spiced books of which we are speaking, because their organization is more susceptible, and because their life is more within doors. Women are, by nature, more imaginative than men, and a fruitful source of unhappiness in women is the harsh contrast between the real world in which their lot is cast and the ideal world they had framed for themselves. This element in the nature of woman should be checked rather than stimulated. Her fancy should not be fed with pictures that charm only to deceive, that awaken hopes that never can be realized. How much of listless indifference to life, of secret discontent, in the breast of woman may be traced to the fact that, with rash hand, she has too early plucked the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil!

Miss Edgeworth recommends that no book should be put into the hands of a child that has not been first read by its father or mother. This is, perhaps, not practicable in all cases; but the spirit of the injunction is most excellent. We toil day and night that we may accumulate property for our children; we select the best schools and teachers for them; we take the greatest pains to establish them in life, and yet we exercise no supervision over them in that incidental education which is the result of the books they read, and which exerts so important an influence upon their happiness and their mental and moral growth. We give them an unrestricted range through the world of print, and allow them to read everything which has the name of a respectable publisher on the title-page. But this is to neglect a duty of no small importance. The more prolific the press is in books for children, the more need there is of careful selection and discrimination, and, happily, the number of good and unexceptionable books is great enough to furnish all the reading that children need. For the reading of too many books, even if they are all good, is not salutary; and, if a book is truly good, it will bear more than one perusal.

G. S. H.

NOT ONE DOLLAR FOR THE BISHOP.

THE Right Reverend Bishop Stanley, D.D., is now in this country asking aid for the Episcopal Establishment at the Hawaiian Islands. With this ostensible object we have nothing to say. A debauched king requested, several years since, that an English chaplain of the Episcopalian denomination besent him, and an organized deputation of bishop, clergy, and retainers responded. A building was set apart for their religious services. Candles were burned, altars erected, intonations made, processions formed, pictures worshiped, and those physical allurements adopted which fascinate the eye. Rightly or wrongly, this deputation is known at the islands as "Puseyites." These men landed, and after looking around for a few days over the glorious progress of forty years with the eyes of connoisseurs in religious matters, said, "It is all a failure." They looked at American missionaries—veterans in the thankless task of humanizing heathen—and said, "These men are fools." They looked at the natives, a larger proportion of whom read and write even better than many do in the state of Vermont, and said, "These men are not ready for the Bible."

But we have no quarrel at present with the churchmen on the score of doctrine. If Protestantism,

drawn from the best reservoirs of New England, cannot hold its own against them, let it perish. They have entered a free and tolerant country, and we commend to them the "God-speed" of the world so long as they preach what is good and true. But we have a word to say on the political significance of their mission at the Sandwich Islands. Squeeze this new church establishment, and the lusty voice of John Bull will respond, crying for a new colony. The bishop in the *Evening Post* says "Nay." It may be true that these clergymen did not proclaim, on landing, their intention of securing to the islands that blessing of eternal day which is supposed to be attached to the extended British Empire, nor did the long drum-beat immediately follow; but when a Briton colonizes, his pulse beats by the rule of St. Stephen's, and his exile is made sad by the absence of Thames water. This might be said *a priori*. Nor has the bishop's career killed the theory. Correspondents from the islands speak largely of the "bishop's party"—not religious, but politico-religious. This British saint, under the genial tropical skies, quickly expands into a British diplomatist, and, under the soft, velvety glove of mellifluous religious rites, is the hard, clammy hand of Britain feeling for a naval station in the center of the great tranquil sea. The islands are indispensable to the United States, vastly convenient to England, and important to France; but thus far national strategy has secured them from permanent capture or the questionable blessings of a protectorate. The bishop has not slept at his post. Temporarily, at least, American influence there is dead.

Americans have been put out of political office, removed from the schools, and Englishmen have taken their places. The bishop has administered ethical narcotics to the chiefs, and captivated an effeminate king, by amusing his relapsing intelligence with colored beads and imported pictures of suffering martyrs. More was not to be expected, perhaps, from a king who, thoroughly illustrating the ingratitude of princes, has selected Bomba for his model, and overturned a constitution whose wise provisions his debaucheries preclude him from comprehending. Even that fair-complexioned young woman, Queen Emma, in seeking the larger civilization of the world, passes by the country that taught her husband to wear trowsers and refrain from eating his neighbor, and hastens to English soil. The bishop is already a cabinet minister and privy counselor, and, if he expects aid, must resign his dual office of clergyman and self-appointed political emissary, lest the islanders interpret his creed as demanding, firstly, a love of God, and, secondly, a love of Great Britain.

The American government is partly responsible for the present state of things. As a government it has had little influence. Its representatives have been, with few exceptions, worthless men, bankrupt politicians, commissioners that got drunk at public tables, ministers resident that sold worthless drafts against salaries not earned, consuls that swindled sailors and jobbed out hospitals; in a word, men who took the foreign missions on speculation, and exhibited to a simple race, who had expected better things, the worst defects of our political system. Our commerce opened the way for our missionaries, who carried American institutions to the islands. The new civilization there is the brightest diadem in the crown of American philanthropy. The foreign population is principally American, and the natives are so largely imbued with American ideas that they even celebrate the Fourth of July.

The two thousand Americans on these islands gave to the Sanitary Commission, in proportion to their means and numbers, more than any community in the United States, and when the Republic became a field of blood, to the end that the Union might live, young girls living near the line of the equator, whose eyes had never looked on the fatherland, patiently worked, in their island solitude, at mittens and stockings, to make Grant's veterans glad in the lines before Richmond. Nor did these few people stop there. When the Republic called for men, they sent their young men, and there now stands to the credit of the islands, on our military records, a general, a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and several surgeons in the army and navy, mere boys, alien in birth, who gladly came here to fight for a country they had learned to love from the lips of their American mothers. This Re-

public has given to the islands its best civilization, and has duplicated New England in the tropics, and it becomes her to see that the field now ripe for the harvest is not reaped by an alien power. We believe that every dollar given to the bishop strengthens the influence of a country that deceived a people in rebellion by promising aid, and insulted a nation by shielding piracy with international law. These islands are the outposts from which we shall watch and finally touch the lower civilization of the East, and we must see to it that no unfriendly power plants a fortress across our pathway. Let the bishop return without a dollar of American money in his pocket.

W. N. A.

POLITICAL CLUBS IN NEW YORK.

LET the women wait, for another club-house is about to be opened on Fifth Avenue. Young men not yet married will have one temptation the more to let marriage alone, and those who are married already one more help towards an unobtrusive divorce. A company of gentlemen who combine democratic principles with aristocratic taste have bought one of the very few really handsome and well-built private houses of which that effective but unsubstantial street, the Fifth Avenue, can boast, and propose to install themselves therein, under the style and title of the "Manhattan Club." In one way or another the fact of their organization, its objects, and the constitution upon which, with the help of by-laws, they hope to live, have got into the daily press, and we trench, therefore, upon no private rights or social proprieties in making them our text for what the late Theodore Parker would have entitled "a discourse of clubs."

Twenty years ago New York could show no nearer approach to the "club life" of London than was to be found in the unpretending domicile of the "Racket Club," on Broadway, out of which arose shortly after the juvenile and vivacious "New York Club," which hired a neat house at the corner of Broadway and Astor Place, and the more solid and solemn "Union Club," which built unto itself a stately but by no means sumptuous or splendid edifice at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. These two clubs for a long time continued to represent the "club life" of the more conspicuous and fashionable circles of New York society. What the French call the "raison of being" of these clubs it would not, perhaps, be very easy to define. A vague impression, wafted in upon the social atmosphere of America from the current English literature of the day, that "clubs" are, in some sort, essential to civilization, no doubt had much to do with the matter. France, Germany, Italy, Russia, all began to imitate London in much the same way and at about the same time with ourselves. As there was no more real ground for establishing "clubs" at St. Petersburg or Paris than at New York, the French and Russian varieties were naturally no more unlike their British prototypes than our own. New York men thought it rather "the thing" to belong to a club; a few of them took to eating their dinners at the club—some in fear of "a worse thing" which might happen to them if they went home, others because they had no home to go to; a good many of them took to drinking indefinite "tods" and playing consecutive "rubbers" at the club; all of them gradually came to regard the club as a convenient sort of up-town "exchange," where they might be pretty sure of seeing people whom they were willing to meet but did not care to seek out, and where letters might be safely addressed to them without any anxiety as to a domestic war department exercising detective functions. In all this there was nothing of the original British "club"—of that wonderful symposium at the "Mermaid," where Beaumont and Fletcher and Shakespeare and the rest were wont, over their possets and their sherry-sack, to hear and utter words

"So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came"

had meant to put his whole wit in a jest. There was but little in it all, too, of the British clubs of modern time, of those vast and imposing institutions which concentrate with such tremendous power, at London, the intellect, the wealth, the influence of the better classes of England, and constitute a sort of unofficial parliament not the less potential than no press

registers its debates, and no lynx-eyed constituencies overawe its members.

But, with the great revolution through which we are now passing, a change has come over our American clubs as over all things else American. The war, and the great political conflicts out of which the war arose, and of the history of which its own history, after all, is but a part, are generating in New York, as the similar, though less vehement, political convulsions which shook Great Britain to her core in 1830 generated in London, a system of politico-social clubs.

Notwithstanding the efforts of Ben Jonson and learned John Selden to organize the "Oracle of Apollo" into a great and lasting institution, club-life in England never really became a leading and signal feature of British society till the present century. Perhaps the excessive gallantry of those original clubbists, who laid down the rule "*nec lecta femine repudiatur*," and admitted the Graces as well as the Muses to share their convivial hour, may have worked the speedy dissolution of their dream. At all events, it vanished before the civil wars of Charles, leaving us only the kindling memories which Tennyson has so charmingly sung—visions of quips and cranks and wanton wiles, making bright

"The tavern-hours of mighty wits,
Our elders and our betters!"

Shaftesbury, when he found the power of the "cabal" failing, and the ginger of "Titus Oates, his plot," ceasing to be "hot i' the mouth," attempted to revive the British "club," and to give it a political turn. His famous "Club of Kings," with its marvelous inventions of the silk armor which was to protect Protestant aldermen from Jesuit daggers and the "Protestant flail," which was to make them mighty to the smashing of the pates of Popish rapparees, acquired no small consistency, and exerted no slight power in stirring up the zealous "loyalty" of the Restoration. Roger North's description of it curiously forecasts the political club of our own times. "This copious society," he says, "were, to the faction in and about London, a sort of executive power, and by correspondence all over England" kept men's minds up to the due fever heat.

It is an odd circumstance, certainly, that the city of Charleston and the Modern "Loyal Leagues" should have had one common founder in the astute, restless, unprincipled Ashley Cooper. The British clubs of the eighteenth century were of a much less emphatic and practical kind. White's, indeed, which was founded under William III., and Brookes's, which dates from nearly the same time, and commemorates the virtues of a rare old vintner,

"The generous Brookes, whose honest liberal trade
Delight to trust, and blushes to be paid,

acquired in time a certain political tone and weight, the one on the tory, the other on the whig side of British politics. But the true London club arose with the "Carlton" and the "Reform" in 1830. These, with all the other magnificent buildings which now glorify Pall Mall and its vicinity—the "Athenaeum," the two "United Service" clubs, the "Army and Navy," the "Traveller's," the "Guards," the "Conservative," the "Oxford and Cambridge," the "United University"—have been called into being since that time. Probably it would be difficult to convey to a stranger in any other way so striking a sense of the accumulated opulence and the ripened intelligence of Great Britain as he would derive from a list of the members of these clubs, and the half-a-dozen more, lesser, but still conspicuous organizations of the same kind, which exist within a very small area of the West End of London. Their members are to be numbered, not by hundreds, but by thousands, around and behind whom presses up another equally numerous throng of members expectant. The names of men of position and character often remain for years upon the list of candidates at one of these clubs before a vacancy can be reached. At a single club, the Athenaeum, the number of applicants has attained, at times, the impossible figure of sixteen hundred names.

That the social and political influences of this colossal system have, on the whole, been beneficial, the history of the last thirty years in England, we think, abundantly proves. The clubs have done much to refine the tone of political discussion in England, and

to impose upon British public life those restraints of honor and courtesy without which it would be impossible for associations so vast to exist. Ben Jonson's twentieth rule for the Devil's Tavern Club is, and must necessarily be, adopted in all these institutions: *argumentationis totius strepitus abesto*; if men will discuss matters within their walls they must do so quietly and with decorum, respecting the sacred right of all other men not only to hold different opinions, but, if it so please them, to hold no opinions at all. In our own clubs which existed at the outbreak of the war it was found impossible to observe this rule. Dividing naturally into camps of democrats and republicans, of "abolitionists" and "copperheads," men fell into violent and unseemly words, heating their own passions and the passions of their opponents, convincing nobody, generating nothing like "opinion," but propagating in its stead only the "thwart sea-wind" of prejudice and the noisome fumes of bigotry.

The result was inevitable. The old order of American "clubs" must pass away, or sink into the comparative insignificance of the "Alfreds" and "Arthurs" of London. The New York "Union League" and the new "Manhattan Club" prefigure the order next to arise. Into these clubs men will be drawn by some real interest, and in supporting them they will feel that they are combining a due provision for their own individual comfort and ease with the organization of a power, the very constitution of which makes it more difficult to be used for evil than for good by the large security it offers to individual liberty of speech or silence, action or forbearance to act.

REVIEWS.

THE POETRY OF THE ORIENT.*

THE poetry of the Orient is under no obligation to Mr. Alger for the shreds and patches thereof which he has made up his volume. He claims in his preface that the whole field of Oriental literature, so far as accessible through English, Latin, German, and French translations, has long been a favorite province with him in his leisure hours—a statement which leads us to fear that his leisure has not been abundant, or, what is more probable, that he has not known how to turn it to advantage. It is singular that one who has read so much as he claims to have done, should have read to so little purpose. Not only does he fail to give us any definite idea of Oriental literature—its different departments, epical, philosophical, and lyrical, its modes of speech and forms of thought—he even fails to interest us in it in the abstract, so little does he seem to comprehend its spirit and so unfit is he to impart its chief characteristics. That it is exceedingly rich of its kind, we know, but the knowledge is not due to him.

The most readable portion of his volume is the prose sketch which succeeds the preface, and which he designates by the title of an "Historical Dissertation." The aims of this essay, he tells us, are threefold, viz.: "to convey to the reader some conception of the vast contents of the imperial treasure-house of Oriental poetry; to present a brief sketch of the labors of modern scholars toward bringing this unique literature to the acquaintance of the Occidental world; and to give an illustrative analysis of the distinguishing characteristics of Arab, Hindu, Persian, and Sufi poems." The first and last of these objects he does not succeed in accomplishing; in the second he is moderately successful. At least he gives his readers the clue to some books which bear on his subject, especially the earlier English and the later German ones; his knowledge of, and familiarity with, what the French Orientalists have written, we doubt.

Three things, it seems to us, unfit Mr. Alger for his task. First, his ignorance of the subject; second, the narrowness, not to say badness, of his taste; and third, the extremely prosaic cast of his mind. He may have read a good many books in which the poetry of the Orient is touched upon, but it is one thing to read, and another to understand; with the letter of Oriental poetry, so far as it can be got at through translations, he may be tolerably familiar,

but its spirit has assuredly escaped him. That he comprehends, to a certain extent, the didactic element with which a portion of it is penetrated, is true, but the element so comprehended is its least valuable one, in a poetical point of view, and so far from representing the Oriental mind in its completeness, as it was, is, and will be, by the laws of its being, it is but a partial reflex of only one of its many moods—the early and evanescent manifestation of the morbidly philosophical intellect of Hindostan, and the Sufi sect. He sacrifices everything to the Moralities; in fact, he seems to think that there is nothing else in the poetry of the Orient; the light that it sheds on the manners and habits of its peoples; the glimpses, if no more, that it gives us of their daily life; the garments they wear, their weapons or implements of tillage, the color of the flowers in their fields—he sees none of these things, which, in his eyes, are evidently trifles of no account. The taste which is so blind to characteristics like these is certainly very narrow, too narrow to be of much service as a guide through the mazes of a foreign literature. That Mr. Alger is not a poet, is not his fault, but his misfortune; it is his fault, however, that he is not a reasonably good versifier, and that, not being one, he persists in giving us so many of his own versions of Oriental poems, when so much better might easily have been obtained. A paragraph from his introduction gives us the clew to his mental proclivities: "The names of poets," he says, "renowned throughout those strange and crowded climes are to be reckoned literally by the thousand. *It is thought that Persia alone has produced more than twenty-five thousand.*" The man who could seriously pen such an extraordinary statement as that, can have no clear idea of what constitutes a poet, and may well mistake his own verse for poetry.

In the course of his introduction Mr. Alger speaks of Sir William Jones, whom he rather pompously styles "the Vasco de Gama who first piloted the thought of Europe to these Oriental shores." We have no wish to detract from the reputation of so accomplished a pilot as Mr. Alger would have us believe Sir William to have been, but we cannot help thinking that his services to Oriental literature have been greatly overrated. Something of the merit of a discoverer unquestionably attaches to him so far as the ancient Sanscrit drama is concerned; but beyond that he is entitled to little praise. His translations have the merit of smoothness, but then that was the characteristic of nearly all the translations of the last century. Literalness—fidelity to his original—was not one of his virtues. Let us take a stanza or two of the translation by which he is best known, and which will always be remembered for the felicitous line,

"Like orient pearls at random strung,"
and see how it will compare with the original. Thus speaks Hafiz in the paraphrase of Sir William Jones:

"Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand."

"Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say;
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Roccabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay."

And so on through seven more stanzas of similar elegance. This, however, is what Hafiz really said:

"If that fair maid of Shiraz would be mine,
I would Bokhara give, and Samarkand,
Just for the small black mole upon her cheek!"

"If any wine remains, go, bring it, boy:
We shall not find the banks of Roccabad,
The bowers of Mosella in Paradise!"

There are several pieces in Mr. Alger's volume attributed to Hafiz, but none in which we detect the peculiar aroma of his genius—certainly none which are strongly flavored with it. Here is a trifle which is not bad, except in its versification, which ambles along like a spavined pony:

"THE MYSTIC PRAYER OF HAFIZ."

"Quickly furnish me Solomon's ring;
Alexander's weird glass be my need;
The philosopher's stone to me bring,
Also give me the cup of Jemshid:

In one word, I but ask, host of mine,
That thou fetch me a draught of thy wine!
Bring me wine! I would wash this old cowl
From the stains which have made it so foul.
Bring me wine! By my puissant arm
The thick net of deceit and of harm
Which the priests have spread over the world
Shall be rent and in laughter be hurled.
Bring me wine! I the earth will subdue.
Bring me wine! I the heavens will storm through.
Bring me wine, bring it quick, make no halt!
To the throne of both worlds I will vault.
All is in the red streamlet divine.
Bring me wine! oh my host, bring me wine!"

"An uninitiated reader," says Mr. Alger, speaking of poems of this nature, "would often shrink and blush as if the wildest revels of debauchery were laid bare before him, when really the writer is treating of the rapt experiences and sacred secrets of piety, the intoxicating draughts and endearments of the divine love." All of which may be true, though we are not credulous enough to believe it, even if it be the opinion of better critics and more profound Orientalists than Mr. Alger. What concealed meaning can he extract from the following lyric, for instance, which, to our simple sense, is a mere Anacreontic, and not of the highest order:

"They know me at the tavern—
No face so well as mine;
And in the drinking cellars,
The king of all good fellows,
A worshiper of wine!"

"They lift me on their shoulders,
Those merry friends of mine;
As long as they are able
They pass me round the table
Like some great skin of wine!"

Does that foreshadow the mysteries of the Sufi faith, or smack of an Oriental Pfaff's? The latter, we think, though we do not insist upon Mr. Alger's sharing our opinion. *Apropos* of Oriental Anacreontics, here is one which he seems not to have met with:

"THE JAR OF WINE."

"Day and night my thoughts incline
To the blandishments of wine:
Jars were made to drain, I think;
Wine, I know, was made to drink!"

"When I die (the day be far!)
Should the potters make a jar
Out of this poor clay of mine,—
Let the jar be filled with wine!"

One of the best things in Mr. Alger's volume is a little apologue by Dschelleddin Rumi, the versification of which is comparatively neat. Here it is:

"THE BEGGAR'S COURAGE."

"To heaven approached a Sufi saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate."

"Said God, 'Who seeks to enter here?'
'Tis I, dear Friend,' the saint replied,
And trembled much with hope and fear.
'If it be thou, without abide.'

"Sadly to earth the poor saint turned,
To bear the scourging of life's rods;
But aye his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose its love in God's."

"He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until from faith's pure fires and tears,
Again he rose, and modest knocked."

"Asked God, 'Who now is at the door?'
'It is thyself, beloved Lord!'
Answered the saint, in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward."

Much better, because it is more characteristic, is an odd little song from the Chinese:

THE PARTING LOVERS.

"She says, The cock crows, hark!
He says, No, still 'tis dark."

"She says, The dawn grows bright,
He says, O no, my Light!"

"She says, Stand up, and say
Gets not the heaven gray?"

"He says, The morning star
Climbs the horizon's bar."

"She says, Then quick depart:
Alas! you now must start."

"But give the cock a blow
Who did begin our woe!"

Bravo, Mr. Alger, you have stumbled on a good thing at last.

The literature of China, we may remark *en passant*

* "The Poetry of the Orient." By William Rounceville Alger.
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

has never had justice done it by the critics of Europe. It approaches the standard of European writing more nearly than that of any other Oriental people, its poetry being natural and unaffected, its drama full of life and movement, and its fiction really entertaining from the briskness of its plot and the cleverness of its portraiture. Two or three Chinese novels have been translated into English, the best of which, "The Two Fair Cousins," a favorite book with that omnivorous reader, Leigh Hunt, is really a work of genius. We commend it to Mr. Alger as containing quite a number of small poems, the finest of which ought by all means to have a place in his volume. Here is something in his line, we think; not, however, from "The Two Fair Cousins," but from the old Chinese classic, the "Shi King."

"I hear the sacred swan
In its river island sing;
I see the modest maiden,
A consort for a king!

"The tendrils of the Hang
Are green, and white below,
Along the running waters
Swaying to and fro.

"The king has sought the maid,
His passion is so strong;
And day and night he murmurs,
'How long, alas, how long?'

"He turns him on his bed,
He tosses in his woe;
His thoughts are like the Hang plants,
Swaying to and fro!

"Again I hear the swan,
In a palace garden sing;
Again I see the maiden,
The consort of the king!

"The king is happy now,
For see, the maiden comes;
And hark! the bells are ringing,
And hark! the noise of drums!"

Of the poetry of Persia, outside of its epics and mystical writings, and the songs of the Arabs and Tartars, we have not left ourselves room to speak this week, further than to say that all three, particularly the last, are admirable, and should by all means be represented in Mr. Alger's volume, of which we now take our leave, regretting that we have not been able to speak of it in higher terms, and trusting that some of its many deficiencies will be remedied in future editions.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

THESE two books are tributes from the East and the West to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Each has a value and individuality of its own. Mr. Barrett's book, having been published before that of Dr. Holland, may, properly, claim the first notice, without any intention of making an invidious reference to its competitor. The author states in his preface that the first part of this sketch of Mr. Lincoln's life was prepared for the press in June, 1860, which was just after the meeting of the republican convention at Chicago. This portion, with additions subsequently made, occupies one hundred and ninety-six pages of the book, and brings the reader to the arrival of Mr. Lincoln at Washington. A second division, extending over two hundred and eighty-seven pages, covers his career as President up to the time of the appointment of General Grant as Lieutenant-General; the third and last division contains a record of what occurred from that time to the assassination of the President and the circumstances connected therewith. The reader will see at once that this arrangement is judicious and convenient. A popular work, in the lower acceptance of the term, this is not; a valuable work it certainly is. Mr. Barrett's design appears to have been to compile a complete record of Mr. Lincoln's life so far as it had any relation to the public or the nation at large, to which end he has written a "plain, unvarnished tale," entirely free from rhetorical display. That the author was a devoted admirer of the subject of his sketch is not concealed. The

* "The Life of Abraham Lincoln, presenting his Early History, Political Career, and Speeches in and out of Congress; also a general view of his Policy as President of the United States; with his Messages, Proclamations, Letters, etc., and a History of his Eventful Administration and of the scenes attendant upon his tragic and lamented demise." By Joseph H. Barrett, Commissioner of Pensions. Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin, Cincinnati. 1865. Pp. 842.
"The Life of Abraham Lincoln." By J. G. Holland, Gardon Bill, Hartford, Conn. 1866. Pp. 544.

chapter on the presidential campaign of 1864 reads more like an old republican campaign speech than impartial history, and is entirely out of place in such a work as this claims to be. We are no champions of the democratic party, nor, indeed, of any party organization; but we insist that no man attempting to write history has any right to color facts to suit his own personal political opinions, unless he informs his readers that they are such. This is the fault of Mr. Barrett's book. In every instance where Mr. Lincoln's conduct has been called in question he writes as a partisan, either ignoring the strictures which others may have made, or stating them in such a way as to leave the impression that they were undeserved. We admire the author's devotion to the late President, but his opinion, expressed in the rôle of a historian, is quite another thing from his views as plain Mr. Barrett. Still, while we deem it our duty to speak thus, we are free to declare that the work is very valuable for reference, and is the most complete work of the kind yet published. We regret, however, that it is gotten up in so cheap a manner, and disfigured by wood-cuts that would disgrace a twenty-five cent novel.

Dr. Holland's book, though containing much that may be found in that of Mr. Barrett, is designed for more general circulation. As the author says, it is intended to be "a biography of Abraham Lincoln for the people." If the former be a succinct record of the events which gathered about the life of the martyr President, the latter is the story of that life as seen amid those events. What the one gives in full, the other puts into the form of a narrative. Mr. Barrett rehearses all the important political occurrences which had any relation to Mr. Lincoln, and thus makes his book a valuable contribution to the political history of the country; Dr. Holland writes only of Abraham Lincoln, the woodsman, the politician, the legislator, and the ruler, and points his readers to him as the central figure in all the scenes which he depicts. He distinctly states in the preface to his book:

"I have tried to paint the character of Mr. Lincoln and to sketch his life, clinging closely to his side; giving attention to contemporaneous history no further than it has seemed necessary to reveal his connection with public events; and reproducing his letters, speeches, and state papers to no greater extent than they were deemed requisite to illustrate his personal character, to throw light upon specially interesting phases of his private life, and public career, to exhibit the style and scope of his genius, and to expose his social, political, and religious sentiments and opinions."

He frankly owns his personal partiality for Mr. Lincoln, and his thorough sympathy with the political principles to which his life was devoted, which is honest and manly. It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Holland's book is readable throughout. He has evidently been at pains to collect all the information pertaining to the subject that he could, and has put the result of his labor in language at once simple and pleasing. Mr. Lincoln's faults are not overlooked, though when his actions are called in question the author hastens to be his champion. The following extract will illustrate our meaning:

"It will perhaps be as well at this point of his history as elsewhere, to allude to his habit of telling stories that it would not be proper to repeat in the presence of women. It is useless for Mr. Lincoln's biographers to ignore this habit, for it was notorious. The whole West, if not the whole country, is full of these stories; and there is no doubt at all that he indulged in them with the same freedom that he did in those of a less exceptionable character. Good people are at a loss to account for this apparent love of impurity in a man of such exalted aims, such deep truthfulness, such high aspirations. The matter is easily explained.

"Those who have heard these stories will readily admit that they are the wittiest and most amusing of their kind, and, when they have admitted that, they have in their minds the only reason of Mr. Lincoln's indulgence in them. It was always the elements of wit and humor that captivated him. He was not an impure man in his life, or in his imaginations. For impurity's sake, he never uttered an impure word, or made an impure allusion; but, whenever he found anything humorous, ludicrous, or witty, he could not resist the inclination to use it, whatever the incidents might be with which it was associated."

"Mr. Lincoln was not a sinner in this thing above other men, equally pure and good in his profession. It is not a habit to be justified in any man. It is not a habit to be tolerated in any man who indulges in it to gratify simply his love of that which is beastly. In Mr. Lincoln's case, it is a habit to be explained and regretted. His whole life had been spent with people without refine-

ment. His legal study and practice had rendered this class of subjects familiar. It was the habit of his professional brethren to tell these objectionable stories, and, even if his pure sensibilities sometimes rebelled—for he possessed and always maintained the profoundest respect for women—the wit and humor they contained overtempted him."

As Dr. Holland distinctly declares his faith in Abraham Lincoln, we have no right to complain of certain statements in his book which we consider somewhat unfair. From his stand-point they are correct, and that is all that the author claims. Barring these, the work is a worthy tribute to the memory of the late President, and will hold a high place in the literature which his untimely death has evoked. Less complete as a political record than Mr. Raymond's and Mr. Barrett's books, it is more readable than either and better adapted for the majority of the people. We notice that the author is careful to announce himself on the title-page as "J. G. Holland, Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society." Whether he intended to thus give his readers a peep into his private relations, or to gracefully acknowledge the compliment paid him by the aforesaid society in admitting him to its membership, the book does not deign to inform us.

After examining these two books we are strengthened in our conviction that contemporaneous history, however valuable it may be as a repository of facts, is valueless as an expression of judgment. The events of the last five years have stirred the blood of our citizens too deeply to permit of their pronouncing in regard to the men who figured therein an opinion which the future will indorse. In Northerner and Southerner alike there burns the old fire which burst into flame when the guns opened on Fort Sumter, and the tramp of soldiery echoed from the Penobscot to the Gulf. And back of this are the deeply rooted differences among the people of either section. There are acts of Mr. Lincoln's administration which thousands of the people disapproved of, and still disapprove of, though they have been indorsed by large majorities in almost every state. History will surely pronounce a correct verdict upon them, but that history will not be written in our day. The writings of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Barrett, and Dr. Holland do not merit the name of histories; they are only the materials for the historian of the future. As such they are welcome. It would be well if some opponent of Mr. Lincoln would write his biography, for it would afford a view of his very marked character from a still different stand-point. It might be unfair, partisan, and unjust, but years hence it, together with the works previously mentioned, would afford some future Irving, or Prescott, or Motley, or Froude, the materials out of which to evolve an impartial history of the administration of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of these United States.

LIBRARY TABLE.

De Vane: A Story of Plebeians and Patricians. By Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, Ex-Member of United States House of Representatives from Alabama. Two volumes in one. New York: Blelock & Co. 1865.

A Virginian of rich and aristocratic family is at college in the capital of one of the southern states, where he meets a young lady of the Methodist persuasion, with whose beauty and goodness he is smitten to that extent that he marries her and turns Methodist himself. This is the story of De Vane as we find it extended and attenuated through more than five hundred pages of very handsome print. We understand the author's purpose to be one which we honor very cordially, but we must confess that we think it a late moment to ask a suspension of public opinion while one proves the nobility of industry and the possible co-existence of fervid religious feeling and deep intellectual culture in the same person. To people of education all that is said (and what a vast deal is said!) to show that work is the only true end and good of life will have a stale relish. Yet Mr. Hilliard is so thoroughly imbued with his good purpose that we could almost forgive him his inferior literature if we did not consider literature a quality of prime importance, especially in books.

De Vane is curiously eventless. The reader is planted in that wonderful little southern capital, and

is never allowed to move from the company of people so beautiful, so brilliant, and so blessed that poor, frail, imperfect human nature is fearfully tasked to endure their abominable blamelessness. The men are such solemn prigs, or such pompous bores, or such conceited saints, that one remembers, with exquisite relief, that nothing like them ever existed in this world. The women are serious Houris in a tedious Paradise; they all have large liquid black eyes, or large liquid blue ones; their profiles are Greek without exception; and their hair, though it may differ in color, never varies in abundant quantity, while they talk so prolixly, so lexicographically, that we are glad the men of the book have to court them, and regard it as a just punishment all round. Thank heaven! there is some compensation in fiction, and we can imagine any author but Mr. Hilliard taking a ferocious pleasure in pairing off such odious creatures. It is good to find the arch-fiend Anti-climax reigning over all of them, and leering, an unintentional Mephistopheles, above their shoulders as they make their stately bows and stilted speeches. Nothing could be better than the conduct of this *buon diavolo* at such a juncture as the following:

"Do you then, Mr. De Vane," she said, 'not agree with Hamlet that we should

"—rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?"

"Ah! he spoke of taking one's own life," said De Vane. "That, I think, is never to be done—certainly never to be looked to as an escape from the weariness of life. But I spoke of perishing by some casualty."

"Even then," she said, 'sudden death is terrible; for it precipitates us into

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns."

"De Vane looked grave. Waring said nothing, but smiled.

"Death under any circumstances," said Miss Godolphin, 'is appalling.'

"Far from it," said Waring. 'I have seen it under circumstances which made it luminous and triumphant.'

"So have I—once," said De Vane.

"A silence—stillness—reigned for some moments.

"At length Miss Godolphin said, 'That "Bride of Lamermoor" has saddened us all. Poor Lucy Ashton! Let us turn to something gay.'

"She rose and rang for a servant. 'Bring us some ices,' she said."

And now for Saint Charity's sake, "*O donne pietose!*" consider discourse like this between two young people fond of each other, who, anywhere but in this book, would be talking, under similar circumstances, the dear, delicious twaddle proper to love:

"De Vane and Esther, after quitting the party in the carriage, walked leisurely to Mr. Springfield's.

"How animated Miss Godolphin is becoming," said De Vane. 'Waring and I passed an evening there lately, and we found her really bright.'

"I have observed it. She is very fascinating. I cannot account for the sadness which we sometimes observe in her; but even that heightens my interest in her. When she forgets her sorrow she is brilliant."

"The suddenness with which she relapses into sadness," said De Vane, 'is strange. It is like a cloud suddenly passing over the sun.'

"Or a bright particular star," said Esther, 'becoming dim by some fleecy veil, which the eye can only perceive by the lessening radiance of the orb.'

Is it any wonder after this that De Vane should be a man who swears *Mehercule* and is a walking college valedictory in his sentiment and diction? Gems like this sparkle on every page with a profusion which reminds you of those jewelers' windows where you "Take your choice for one dollar."

We think Mr. Hilliard's book very insipid, as the reader will possibly have inferred. We are sorry to be obliged to expose, also, a small piece of dishonesty in the title-page, of which, it seems to us, he is needlessly guilty. Probably no living soul besides Mr. Hilliard cares a straw to know that his book was written by an "Ex-Member of the United States House of Representatives from Alabama;" and, so far as judgment of the novel is concerned, we doubt if anybody would have been influenced by the fact, withheld from the title-page, that Mr. Hilliard is equally an ex-member of the late Confederate Congress.

The Fables of Æsop, with a Life of the Author. Illustrated with one hundred and eleven Engravings from Original Designs by Herrick. Hurd & Houghton, New York. 1865.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have recently published a very pretty edition of "*Æsop's Fables.*" They claim, however, for the illustrations by Herrick an originality to which they are not entitled. If the pro-

prietors of the Riverside Press will carefully examine "*Æsop's Fables,*" published in 1793, by John Stockdale, Piccadilly, London, they will observe a striking similarity between some of the designs by Herrick and the copper-plate engravings in "*Stockdale.*" We would particularly call the attention of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton to fables ii., v., vi., viii., xi., xv., xxxii., xxxvii., xxxix., xl., xlii., lv., lviii., lx., lxxxiii., lxxxvi., ciii. The designs illustrative of the above are claimed as being original by the American publishers, but comparison will reveal the fact that they are as near fac-simile copies of the plates bearing the same numbers in Stockdale's edition as is consistent with the different processes of wood and copper engraving. We do not wish to advance the opinion that all the designs in Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's edition are copies; on the contrary, many bear the impress of originality; but we do say that there are a sufficient number borrowed from Stockdale to invalidate the claim advanced by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton of entire originality in the illustrations.

The text of the edition published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton is copied word for word from Stockdale—from the opening sentence in the life of Æsop to the one closing the application of "*Fable ex.*"

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THAT fame is of slow growth, while popularity is immediate, and usually the result of a lucky combination of circumstances, is shown in the career of Tennyson more than in that of any other writer of his time. Neglected, or laughed at, when he first appeared, he went on his way quietly, cultivating his art in silence for some ten years, when he reappeared as a poet, and with such sure credentials of his excellence that he could no longer be put down, but forced the homage of his critics, who delighted to do him honor. Twenty odd years have elapsed since that time, and to-day he stands, by universal consent, at the head of living poets—a famous Name! It is only within the last two or three years, however, that he has begun to be popular, his popularity dating from the publication of "*Enoch Arden,*" which by no means reveals the heights and depths of his genius, and which many a lesser poet, we think, might have rendered as effectually as he has done. A tender and pathetic incident of common life, set to the music of agreeable verse, it contained that mysterious touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and sent its poet's name abroad.

"Upon the wings of all the winds,"

a "household word" wherever the English language is spoken or read. The poem sold largely in England, and still more largely in this country, its sale here being increased by the publication of an illustrated edition of it by Messrs. Tilton & Co., of Boston, who, for reasons of their own, which do not concern the general public, disregarded the usage of the trade as regards the rights, real or fancied, of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, in the American property of the Laureate's works. The latter, in self-defense, issued their illustrated edition of the poem, and other editions, illustrated and otherwise, at various prices, ranging from ten cents and upwards. The success of both of the illustrated editions led their publishers into the same field again this year, the results of which are illustrated editions of the poet's complete works by both, neither of which are published at this present writing; and two separate publications by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are entitled "*Gems from Tennyson,*" consisting of some forty selections from his writings, and the other, "*Idyls of the King,*" containing, of course, the whole of that delightful poem, the finest, we are inclined to think, of all his productions. The first of these contains thirty-two illustrations by English and American artists, the former selected from the well-known and beautiful English illustrated edition of his works, the American publishers of which are Messrs. Routledge & Co., of this city; the latter drawn expressly by American artists, Mr. J. W. Hennessy furnishing five, Mr. Sol Eytinge, Jr., five, Mr. William Hart two, and Messrs. J. F. Kensett, F. O. C. Darley, S. Colman, Jr., W. T. Richards, Winslow Homer, and C. A. Barry one each. "Locksley Hall," the opening poem, falls to the share of Mr. Hennessy, whose designs, meritorious as they are, do not do justice to his talents. The face of the hero in the first is certainly not an English one; nor is the beach sand in that and the second drawing well rendered, rather resembling snow than sand. The third—an interior—evidently a good drawing, is not well interpreted by the en-

graver; the fourth is better, but still not up to the mark. Mr. Eytinge's ideal portrait of "*Lady Clare Vere de Vere*" is not well engraved, nor does the type of face selected by him seem to us a fitting one to represent so aristocratic a lady, proud of her old Norman blood. Mr. Kensett's illustration of "*Break, break, break,*" conveys the wildness and desolation of the sea, but is deficient in distance and vastness of sky. Mr. Barry's portrait of Olivia, in "*The Talking Oak,*" is too plump, to use the mildest phrase—the fault, we think, of most of his female figures; his foliage, however, is well rendered. Mr. Darley's "*Lady Clare*" reminds us of the piece of music which the player said was difficult, and which the hearer wished was impossible. Mr. Eytinge's three designs for "*The May Queen*" (we are going through in course) are not good, though the second was evidently pathetic as a drawing. Mr. Colman's "*The splendor falls*" is fairly successful. Mr. Hennessy's "*Tears, idle tears*" is a fine drawing, well rendered, but it fails to give us the feeling of the poem, which, however, is not his fault, the poem itself lying out of the domain of pictorial art. Mr. Eytinge's illustration of "*Home they brought her warrior dead*" is not good, though the face of the slain man is very touching and pathetic. Mr. Richards's "*Come down, oh maid!*" is a fine drawing, but it does not embody the sentiment of that delightfully Greek idyl. Mr. Homer's "*Charge of the Light Brigade*" is spirited but faulty, the soldier or officer in the foreground not appearing to be hurt, while his horse is as dead as the omnibus horses which are occasionally seen in Broadway, stiff, stark, almost decaying on the cold pavement. Mr. Hart's two illustrations for "*The Brook,*" both delicious bits of landscape, are the most successful things in the volume—so far, at least, as the American artistic portion of it is concerned. For the English illustrations, they do not seem to us particularly well chosen. The best are Mr. Holman Hunt's, whose illustration of the "*Recollections of the Arabian Nights,*" an ideal Arab floating in his silken-sailed shallop, is engraved on one of the title-pages of the Farringford edition of Tennyson; the worst is Mr. Millais's, whose "*Eve of St. Agnes*" is funny enough even from a Pre-Raphael point of view. Thus much for the "*Gems from Tennyson.*" For the "*Idyls of the King*"—it is illustrated by thirty-one illustrations, twenty by Mr. Sol Eytinge, Jr., seven by Mr. S. Colman, Jr., three by Mr. J. W. Hyde, and one by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, the engraver, which last four are merely initials to the four separate poems which compose this rare medieval epic. Mr. Eytinge's "*Enid*" drawings are not successful. He does better, however, in "*Vivien*," whose face, particularly in the first drawing, is beautifully tempting, being that of a dangerously lovely devil, sensuous, passionate, overpowering. The face of Merlin in the same drawing is good, in that it preserves the fire of youth under the snows of age; it is still better in the second, while Vivien's is poorer, as if she were in some sense conquered by his wisdom and majesty. The third drawing is not well rendered, the face and neck of Vivien being spotty. The little vignette at the end of this section of the epic is happily conceived, and finely interpreted. The little head-piece, so to speak, of "*Elaine*" is very winsome and cheery; the head is beautifully drawn. The old man in the second drawing of this series is a complete success. The best of the "*Elaine*" illustrations is the last, which represents the funeral of the "*Lady of Shallott*," who lies in a black barge, which an old man slowly pushes along the edge of a rushy stream, as dull, we may conceive, as the black-tide which sleeps at Lethe's wharf. The "*Guinevere*" drawings are not successes. So much for Mr. Eytinge's portion of the drawings. For Colman's, which are, for the most part, mere landscapes, their most obvious defect, or characteristic, if the reader prefers that phrase, is, that they smack too strongly of Spain—a charmingly picturesque land, in which the genius of Mr. Colman is perfectly at home, but which has not hitherto been supposed to be the locality of the King Arthur legends. The best, and most English, of these Spanish pictures is the one which closes "*Enid*," and which represents a party of knights crossing a river in flat-boats; it is a lovely bit of quiet landscape worthy of any artist. The castle in Mr. Colman's drawing, on page 158, is a good specimen of his architecture; equally good is his line of rolling surf on page 164. Altogether, we think he has done better than Mr. Eytinge.

When the complete editions of Tennyson, of which we have spoken above, shall appear, we may return to this subject; at present we must content ourselves with these hasty jottings on the "*Gems*" and the "*Idyls.*"

THAT dainty little collection of choice reading, the "*Golden Treasury*" series, has just been enlarged by a couple of volumes. "*The Sunday Book of Poetry*," edited by Miss or Mrs. C. F. Alexander, and "*The Ballad Book*

edited by Mr. William Allingham, the young English-Irish poet. "The Sunday Book," as one would be likely to infer from its title, is a selection of sacred verse, drawn for the most part from the standard religious poets, and arranged with taste and skill. We have one fault to find with it, in common with most poetical collections, and that is, that the authors represented are occasionally garbled. The compiler refers to this fact in her preface, and endeavors to justify it on account of the limited capacities of children, for whom, by the way, it is chiefly designed. We cannot admit the plea, however much we might like to oblige a lady, for we hold in these cases that an editor has no more right to lay violent hands on a writer's language than on his person—to shorten his poem by a stanza than his body by a head. His words may be inferior to those substituted by his editor, still they are his words, and we demand them in their integrity and entirety. Here are a few instances of the mutilation of which we complain in "The Sunday Book." On page 123 are eight lines, headed "The Pilgrimage." That something is wrong therein is apparent at once, the seventh and eight lines not rhyming like those which precede them, and not even keeping the measure of the poem. What's the trouble, pray? Why, nothing, except that the first six lines are merely the beginning of a poem of some length which is generally attributed to Raleigh, though his claims to its authorship are by no means settled. What has befallen the concluding couplet of the extract we cannot at present state, our copy of Raleigh's poems not being within reach. Turning the leaf—viz., on page 124—we find one stanza, and no more, of Ben Jonson's famous Pindaric Ode, "To the Immortal Memory and Friendship of that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morison." On page 132 we have two six-line stanzas, headed "Mutability;" they are a portion, the second and third stanzas, if our memory serves, of Southwell's "Times go by Turns." The seven lines of Cowley, on page 188, are, of course, a fragment from some of his odes. A fragment, likewise, is the charming poem commencing on page 283, and entitled "Thanks for a Summer's Day." It is an extract from the "Day Estival" of Alexander Hume, a Scottish poet, who published a volume of "Hymns or Sacred Songs" in 1599. The second stanza, as given in "The Ballad Book," recalls a couplet of Coleridge's:

"All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or stir."
"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Here is a beautiful stanza which recalls a line or two of Campbell's song, "Star that bringest home the Bee," something about the smoke of cottages at twilight curling yellow in the sun—the exact expression escapes us at this moment:

"Great is the calm, for everywhere
The wind is setting down,
The smoke goes upright in the air,
From every tower and town."

Let us give a couple of stanzas more, for it is not every day that we light upon such glimpses of nature in the old poets:

"What pleasure then to walk, and see,
Along a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear."
"The bells and circles on the waves,
From leaping of the trout,
The salmon from their holes and caves
Come gliding in and out."

Beautiful, certainly, but the language—is it not suspiciously modern and English for a Scottish poet of the sixteenth century? Of course the extracts have been *improved*; how much may be seen by this stanza, which is the original of the last of the two just quoted:

"The salmon out of cruives and creels,
Uphailed into scouts,
The bells and circles on the wells
Through leaping of the trouts."

"The Sunday Book" is a dainty little volume, and it contains a great many sweet and touching poems. But the lady who has edited it is not exactly our ideal of what an Editor should be, particularly of the poets, whom she mangles, poor fellows, "at her own sweet will."

Very differently has Mr. Allingham done his work, which increases the respect we have always entertained for him as a poet. The fact of his being a poet, indeed, has saved him from the mistakes, to use no harsher word, that we have just pointed out; for no sincere, right-minded poet would ever consent to mutilate the rhymes of his fellows. It has also saved his readers the infliction of indifferent verse, insuring them in advance the best crop of the rich field of ballad literature. We can praise him heartily

not only for what he has done, but for what he has left undone—the mass of annotation and dissertation which a less judicious editor would have certainly forced upon us. He gives us the spirit rather than the letter of his scholarship, and we are thankful for it; reticence like his—the reticence of knowledge—is as praiseworthy as it is uncommon. For a clear and succinct account of ballad literature, especially its English bibliography, we know of nothing so good as his preface, which contains all that the general reader cares to know of the subject. His notes, too, to the different ballads, which are printed where they should be, at the end of the volume, and not in the body of it, where they would delay the reader, and, it may be, perplex his judgment with doubtful questions, as of authorship, dates, etc.—matters of importance, when discussed at the right time and in the right place—his notes, we say, are admirable, brief, and, in most cases, convincing.

Commending "The Ballad Book" to our readers as one of the best issues of the "Golden Treasury" series, we give them a taste of its quality in the following ballad, which there is reason to believe was written at the close of the last century by a young widow of Galloway, whose husband was drowned while on a voyage to Holland:

THE LAWLANDS O' HOLLAND.

I.
"The love that I hae chosen,
I'll therewith be content;
The saut sea sall be frozen
Before that I repent.
Repent it sall I never
Until the day I dee;
But the Lawlands o' Holland
Hae twinned my love and me.

II.
"My love he built a bonny ship,
And set her to the main,
Wi' twenty-four brave mariners
To sail her out and hame.
But the weary wind began to rise,
The sea began to rout,
And my love and his bonny ship
Turned withershins about.

III.
"There sall nae mantle cross my back,
No kaim gae in my hair,
Neither sall coal nor candle-light
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor sall I choose anither love
Until the day I dee,
Sin' the Lawlands o' Holland
Hae twinned my love and me.

IV.
"Noo hand your tongue, my daughter dear,
Be still, and bide content;
There's ither lads in Galloway;
Ye needna sair lament."
"O there is nane in Galloway,
There's nane at a' for me.
I never lo'ed a lad but ane,
And he's drowned in the sea."

The latest issue of the favorite Tauchnitz series of British authors, of which Mr. Frederick Leypoldt, of this city, is the American agent, is a couple of volumes entitled "The Holy Land," from the pen of Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon, of the London *Athenæum*. They are well spoken of by the English papers, many of whom are by no means friendly to Mr. Dixon.

A unique little volume is the "Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque," an edition of which has just been published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. A "sensation" in its time, like most of the ephemeral productions of its clever author, William Combe, it has long been out of print, and as good as forgotten by the mass of poetical readers. In fact, it is too easy reading to be remembered, except by the curious in such matters, who are apt to crowd their memories with just such elaborate trifles. The illustrations by Alfred Crowquill are excellent, and not the least effective among them are the initial letters with which each canto commences. The student of poetry must have the book in his collection, whether he reads it or not.

The *Christian Examiner*, heretofore published in Boston by Messrs. Walker, Fuller & Co., will henceforth be published in this city by Mr. James Miller, who has secured the services of the Rev. Dr. Bellows as its future editor. The next number will be published, we believe, on the first of January.

We committed a mistake last week, in common with all our city journals, in the brief mention which we made of the death of Mr. J. Ross Dix, whom the obituary-mongers insisted on calling Mr. George Spencer Phillips. We followed them in the haste of writing, with the conviction, however, that they were blundering, a fact which has since been confirmed by a note in the Philadelphia

Press, by one of its correspondents, who says that he knew Mr. Dix for thirty years, and that he was always known as John Dix, in England, particularly in Bristol, his native city. He was originally a druggist, but he took to literature, editing a paper in Wales, and writing the "Life of Chatterton," as we announced. Being in great distress in 1843, or thereabouts, he was relieved by the Literary Fund in London, after which he came to this country, and found employment on the Boston *Atlas*. The correspondent in question confirms the opinion we expressed of the inaccuracy of Mr. Dix's sketches of literary men, and says that he introduced, on one occasion, anecdotes of himself and Shelley which must have occurred fifty years ago, before he (Mr. Dix) was born! We repeat the statement without vouching for its truth, our recollection of poor Mr. Dix's sketches being vague in the extreme. The real, *bona fide* Mr. George Spencer Phillips is in this country, and has been for a number of years past. He edited, for a time, one of our illustrated weeklies, Mr. Frank Leslie's *Journal*, we believe; then he removed to the West, where he now remains, editing, if our information be correct, the *Chicago Journal*. He is known in England, where he wrote a "Life of Ebenezer Elliott," as "January Searle." Of his literary career here we know nothing, except that he has written a novel, entitled "The Gipseys of Dane's Dyke," which was published a year or two since by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, but did not meet, we fear, with the success which it deserved. It was, in many respects, a remarkable book.

FOREIGN.

THE November number of *Fraser* contains a paper on the late Lord Palmerston, from which we take the following anecdotes: "It was mentioned to him that his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Lewis, had been writing letters to *Notes and Queries* on 'The Wakefulness of Geese.' 'The wakefulness of geese!' Why the opposition will think he means them; and (what is worse) they may say they are the geese that saved the Capitol.' A couple were censured for going to country houses without an invitation. 'Don't be hard on them,' was his suggestion, 'for if they waited to be invited, they might go nowhere.' And here is a bit of history worthy of preservation, if only for the sake of Lord Houghton, the poet: 'His first acceptance of high office was related by himself the year before last, *apropos* of a bet said to have been made and won by the late Mr. Milnes, the father of Lord Houghton, a man of remarkable abilities and acquirements, although somewhat of an idler in his youth. He was lounging in a club when he overheard a college friend saying that something was as unlikely as 'Bob Milnes becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer.' 'And why should I not become Chancellor of the Exchequer?' 'Simply because the odds are a thousand to one against you.' 'Will you lay a thousand to one?' 'Yes, in tens.' 'Done!' The bet was regularly booked—ten thousand pounds to ten. When Percival wrote to Mr. Milnes to offer him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he inclosed the offer with a ten-pound note to his friend."

MR. SYDNEY DOBELL, who seldom contributes to the newspapers, has the following sonnet in the last number of the *Athenæum*:

"AT THE GRAVE OF A SPANISH FRIEND."

"Here lies who of two mighty realms was free;
The English, Spaniard, who lived England's good,
With such a Spain of splendor in the blood
As, flaming through our cold utility,
Fired the north oak to the Hesperian tree,
And flower'd and fruited the unyielding wood
That stems the storms and seas. Equal he stood
Between us, and so fell. Twice happy he
On earth; and surely, in new Paradise,
Ere we have learn'd the phrase of those abodes,
Twice happy he whom carthly use has given,
Of all the tongues our long confusion tries,
That noblest twain wherein the listening gods
Patient discern the primal speech of Heaven.

"SYDNEY DOBELL."

MR. JOHN MALCOLM LUDLOW has recently published an interesting volume entitled "The Popular Epics of the Middle Ages of the Norse-German and Carolingian Cycles," in which we find the famous "Barque Song of Altabiçar" rendered in this spirited fashion:

"A cry has arisen from the midst of the mountains of the Escualdunac; and the *etcheeo-jauua* (master of the house), standing before his door, has opened his ears, and has said—'Who goes there? what will they with me?' And the dog that slept at his master's feet has roused itself, and has filled the neighborhood of Altabiçar with its barking."

"In the pass of Ibaneta a noise resounds; it nears, touching the rocks to right, to left; it is the dull murmur of a coming army. Our men have replied to it from the mountain-tops; they have blown in their ox-horns; and the *etcheeo-jauua* sharpens his arrows."

"They come! they come! what a hedge of spears!"

how the rainbow-hued banners float in the midst! What lightning flashes from the weapons! How many are they! Child, reckon them well! 'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.'

"Twenty, and thousands more besides! One should lose time in reckoning them. Let us unite our sinewy arms, let us uproot these rocks, let us fling them from the mountain-tops upon their very heads! Crush them! Kill them!"

"And what had they do in our mountains, these men of the North? why are they come to disturb our peace? When God makes mountains, it is that men may not cross them. But the rocks fall rolling, they overwhelm the troops; blood streams, flesh quivers. O! how many crushed bones! what a sea of blood!"

"Flee, flee, all to whom strength remains, and a horse! Flee, king Karloman, with thy black plumes and thy red mantle. Thy nephew, thy bravest, thy darling Roland, is stretched dead yonder. His courage was of no avail. And now, Esculdunac, let us leave the rocks there: let us quickly descend, flinging our arrows at the fugitives."

"They flee, they flee! Where, then, is the hedge of spears? Where the rainbow-hued banners floating in the midst? lightnings flash no more from their blood-soiled weapons. How many are they? child, reckon them well—'Twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen, sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.'"

"One!—There is not even one. It is done. *Et ecce janna*, you may go in with your dog, kiss wife and children, clean your arrows, put them away with your ox-horn, then lie down over them and sleep. By night, the eagles shall come and eat their crushed flesh, and the bones shall whiten in eternity."

MR. EDWARD CAPERN, the rural postman of Bideford, England, has lately published a volume of verse of the *Clare* and *Bloomfield* order, which contains, among other pleasant things, this pathetic poem:

UNDER THE SNOW.

"Sweet little loving thing, low, low, low,
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies;
Deep 'neath the daisy-knoll under the snow,
Silenced for ever her carols and cries."

"Sweet little dimpled chin, how she would dance!
Dear little laughing eyes, how she would smile!
Still are her tiny feet now, and her glance
Beams not on me for a weary long while."

"Dead! do my neighbors say? Death is a dream;
In the mid-Maytime she went out to play;
Daily I see her by meadow and stream,
Couch'd 'mid the golden cups, sunny as they."

"Weep, my eyes, scalding tears, weep, weep, weep!
Bleed, my soul; throb, my heart, heavy with pain!
When shall my tender one wake from her sleep?
When shall I gaze on my beauty again?"

"Sweet little loving thing, low, low, low,
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies;
Deep 'neath the daisy-knoll under the snow,
Silenced for ever her carols and cries."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AMERICAN.

MESSRS. STRAHAN & Co. announce, "How to Use the New Testament," by Dean Alford; "Simple Truths for Earnest Minds," by Dr. Macleod; and "The Angels Song," by Dr. Guthrie.

Messrs. Bunce & Huntington have in the press a new novel by Mr. John Esten Cooke, of Virginia, entitled "Skurry, of Skurry Hall."

Mr. W. J. Widdleton will soon publish "Reminiscences of Printers, Authors, and Booksellers in New York," by the late John W. Francis, M.D. It will be published only by subscription, in an edition limited to one hundred copies, uniform in size with the same writer's "Old New York," and will contain, in addition to the original paper, bearing the above title, sketches of Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Philip Freneau, and other of our early writers, together with a new portrait of Dr. Francis, and a fac-simile of his manuscript.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. announce "Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion," "Mind in Nature," by Henry J. Clerk; "The Life of Stonewall Jackson," by John Esten Cooke; "Goulburn's Study of the Holy Scriptures;" "Sewall's Principles of Education;" "Sigourney's Life and Letters;" "History of Henry the Fifth, King of England;" "Flint's Philosophy of Man;" "Alden's Intellectual Philosophy;" and "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," by Archbishop Manning.

Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. will speedily publish Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," illustrated by Hammett Billings; "Pictures of English Landscape," by Birket Foster; "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes in original poems by eminent authors, and Pictures by A. B. Houghton, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel;" and "The Cruise of the Frolic," by the author of "Dick O'cow."

FOREIGN.

MR. W. BLANCHARD JERROLD announces "A New Christmas Story Book."

The late Dudley Costello left a volume in the press, entitled "A Beggar's Wallet."

Mr. Thomas Hallam will soon publish "The Song of Solomon, in the North Derbyshire Dialect."

Mr. William Pinkerton is about to bring out "Romany in Europe, a Complete History of the Gipsies."

Mr. John Harland will shortly publish a volume entitled "Modern Songs and Ballads of Lancashire."

Mr. Thomas Hood edits a Christmas book by the author of "A Bunch of Keys," to be called "Rates and Taxes, and How they were Collected."

Mr. Frank Buckland announces a third series of his "Curiosities of Natural History."

The Rev. Charles Kingsley will soon publish a new novel, entitled "Hereward, the Last of the English."

Mr. Henry Kingsley announces a new novel, "Leighton Court."

Miss Yonge, the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," has in the press a new book for the young, entitled "The Prince and the Page."

Mr. William Vernon Harcourt, author of the letters of "Historicus," is about to publish "The Neutrality of England Vindicated, a Letter to the President of the United States."

Mr. Percy St. John announces a new boy's book, "The Coral Reef; or, Adventures in the South Seas."

The Rev. F. D. Maurice will soon publish "The Conflict of Good and Evil in Our Day."

Mr. G. W. Fenn will soon bring out a child's volume, "Featherland; or, How the Birds Lived at Greenlawn."

Mr. Charles Merivale, B.D., has in the press "The Conversion of the Northern Nations."

Miss Catharine Winkworth has translated and will soon publish "Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth: a Sketch of His Life."

Mr. Charles Brooke, the Tuan-Mudah of Sarawak, whatever that may be, has in the press a couple of volumes, entitled "Ten Years in Sarawak."

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, author of a "Life of Lawrence Sterne," and other works, will soon publish "Charles Lamb: His Friends, His Haunts, and His Books."

Mr. Sergeant Burke has in preparation "Celebrated Trials Connected with the Army and Navy."

Miss Agnes Strickland has a new novel in the press.

Mr. W. Wright, of the British Museum, has in preparation "Contributions to the Apocryphal Literature of the New Testament," collected from Syriac MSS., which he has edited, and of which he will present an English translation.

Mr. Thomas H. Dyer has in the press "A History of the City of Rome, from its Foundation to the Sixteenth Century of the Christian Era."

Mr. Thomas Nichols has in preparation "A Hand-book for Readers at the British Museum."

Mr. James G. Bertram is announced as having nearly ready "The Harvest of the Sea."

The Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D. has in the press a "Memoir of the late Sir Charles Barry, R.A."

Dr. D. F. Rennie will soon publish "Peking and the Pekingese during the first Year of the British Embassy at Peking."

A R T.

THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY.

SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

SUCH an exhibition of pictures as that which is now to be seen at the new building of the Academy can leave only one impression on the mind of any educated, not to say cultivated, person, sensitive to excellence and defect in the productions of the fine arts, and jealous for the good name of his country in this domain—an impression of utter, unredeemed, and hopeless weakness on the part of the majority of the men, who, if they do not claim for themselves the name of "our first artists," at least accept, without audible demur, the rights, immunities, and applause which belong to those who hold that position, and which are freely bestowed upon them by the public.

For our own part, we have wandered through this collection of over three hundred pictures, of which by far the greater number are by American artists, with feelings of genuine mortification and despondency. We have seen many galleries of pictures in this city, but never one that gave such lamentable proofs of the absence alike of mechanical skill and of inspiration. When we study the subjects, it seems as if nothing could be more commonplace, more made-up, less moved by any genuine motive, either high or low. When we turn to the execution, we find a general low standard; nothing is thoroughly well

drawn; there is nowhere any delight in beautiful color and, even in laying on what there is, all is the work of children. Nowhere on all these walls, except in the works of foreigners, and in perhaps two instances among our own men, is there any trace of the master's knowledge, or of the master's hand.

We strive not to be unjust. We wish, if possible, to set people at looking for themselves, and then at asking for the reasons of the deficiency which, if they are intelligent, they must find on these walls. Surely, there are people enough among us who can see that our artists choose very uninteresting subjects; and that there is much more bad drawing than good, much more dull, weak, or muddy color, than delicate, sweet, and clear. We desire that people should ask themselves, then—"Why do our artists draw so badly? why cannot they find something to paint that will interest intelligent, sensible, cultivated men and women? and why cannot they record something of the truth, and acquire somewhat of the delicacy of nature?" But, if people do not see these deficiencies for themselves, and will not ask these questions, or cannot, then we must assert that we do see them, and must both ask the questions ourselves and teach others to ask them.

For, these questions having so long remained unasked has been productive only of harm to the artists and to the public. And the artists ought to perceive that what is needed now by them, even more than by the public, is criticism; and that they ought not to be impatient under even what may appear to them to be, and may really be, surly, ill-natured, and ill-mannered criticism. Their only question just now, if they are really desirous to advance, should be "What truth is there in these criticisms?" "Have we such and such defects?" "Is all this that we read in the newspapers personal, envious, unjust, slanderous, or is there a good deal of truth in it which we had better heed?" Let them be sure that if they do not ask these questions, other people will; and that such criticism on their work as has appeared during the last two years—first in one newspaper having a large circulation, and then in another, and then in more and more—represents, however inefficiently, however crudely, not the mere notions of a single individual or knot of individuals, but a movement of the popular mind; stands for the best part of public opinion; expresses, in whatever fashion the writers are able, what is being said by cultivated, thinking people everywhere, and deserves to be heeded accordingly.

Of another thing the artists may be very sure: that if they continue much longer to defy the criticism of that portion of the public which is now most interested in art most observant of it, most difficult to please, they will find, before they are ready for the change, that another large portion of the public has been educated by this better informed class, and has assumed a new standard, and can no longer be depended upon to accept what before pleased it. And, before they are quite prepared to admit it, they will find, too, that artists whom they have never thought of as rivals have suddenly become the favorites of the public; and that a school at which they have always been very ready to sneer has suddenly fallen heir to all their honors and emoluments. Lest, however, this very remark be misunderstood, and we should be thought to have any special artists or any particular school in view, we hasten to declare that we are speaking only in general terms, and are only stating what, as it has always happened in such cases, is most likely to happen again. Social and intellectual advancement appear to move in waves; we have reached about the lowest point that is possible, and we may reasonably hope that a new era is not far off.

This, further, is not to be denied—it is made plain every time our only corporate body of artists undertakes any enterprise—that, instead of being intellectually and spiritually in the advanced guard of our society, they are a long way behind. Nothing that they put their hand to is managed with spirit or sagacity. We shall, before long, examine the Academy, with a view to show how far it falls short of its high pretensions; but to-day our business is with this Artists' Fund Society, managed by well-known members of the Academy, and having, one would think the very largest claims upon the good-will and the practical efforts of the whole body of artists. Yet what do we see? Here is a collection of pictures which, as we have said, and as we have heard others in plenty say, is a mortification and a cause of despondency. In the first place, the artists ought to care about the charity for whose support the exhibition is made. In the second place, they ought to see to it that, charity or no charity, the public gets the worth of its money. But it is not worth, even in the present depreciated state of the currency, twenty-five cents to see this collection of pictures; and, at the same price, the nineteen pages of waste paper called a cata-

logue is too dear. And as for the interest taken in the charity by the members, let the shameful—yes, with an earnest desire to speak no unjust word, we repeat it—let the shameful collection of the West Room, which the honorable officers of the society, whose names ought to be a guarantee, are not too honorable to offer to the public at auction, bear witness. Every separate man has done his worst where he should have done his best; the spirit that has animated the contributors to this charity—and their names are printed in a separate list that we may know them—is precisely the same as animates the man who slips off upon a beggar a mutilated bit of currency that he is ashamed to offer to a respectable tradesman, or even to a sharp apple-woman at her stand. We forbear to give any illustrations of our remarks. If there is the shadow of an exception to their truth it will be found in Mr. J. G. Brown's "The Coquette's First Victim." This is a little less cold-scrappy than the rest of the contents of this beggar's basket.

Now, the society will find that the public of to-day is not quite the blind, amiable animal that they have known for six years. You may hold out a brickbat to an elephant, who unwinds his lithe proboscis for an apple, once too often. And the empty galleries and the starved exchequer will, perhaps, teach these easy gentlemen that the patient public has concluded to get something for its money henceforward. It will, no doubt, contribute its dollars to support the charity for the charity's sake; but if it is asked to see pictures and to buy them, not even for charity's sake will it waste its time and its money over such trash as is on these walls. It prefers to give its money outright.

The artists will say that these are unjust, hard, and ill-mannered words. But let not the public believe them. We expose to-day, with no pleasure, but with a determination to expose it, an attempt which looks almost deliberate upon the public gullibility. The only match to the worthlessness of this show that we remember in New York is the late collection of sketches and pictures by Mr. Thomas Hicks, one of which very collection, the portrait of Mrs. Stowe, is in this exhibition, and will serve as a specimen of the whole. Those who remember that farrago will easily understand what they have to expect from this. And if the press of our city would speak its mind plainly, we should make the officers of this society not only heartily ashamed of what they have done to-day, but cure them of the will ever to do so discreditably again.

Next week we shall examine these pictures more in detail. Perhaps a dozen clever pictures by foreigners—one more than clever, Gérôme's "Prayer in the Desert"—and an equal number by our own artists, including Mr. Charles Moore's wonderful winter-scene, are all that are worthy of notice.

ART NOTES.

THE collection of French, Belgian, and English pictures whose coming has been for some time heralded, has at last really arrived, and the catalogue is nearly completed. It will contain the titles of one hundred and eighty pictures, many of them the finest specimens of their painters' skill. Among them will be found Gérôme's "Prayer on the House-tops," one of the two pictures which he exhibited at the salon of last spring. The other, "The Reception of the Siamese Ambassadors at the Palace of Fontainebleau," having been painted for the French government, could not, of course, be procured a fine photograph of it, however, is to be seen at Goupil's; Then, again, there is a remarkable Meissonier, purchased at the sale of the collection of Prince Demidoff for the sum of 35,000 francs. No such example of this famous master, unrivaled in his peculiar field of microscopic finish, and not without remarkable skill in representing a certain limited range of characters, has yet been exhibited in this country. Two pictures by James Tissot, and two only, have thus far been brought from over seas—the "Faust and Margaret in the Garden," which was lately in Goupil's gallery, and the "Margaret at the Fountain," which is now in the Artists' Fund Exhibition. To these this collection will now add another—"The Attempted Elopement"—one of his two contributions to the last salon, and thought by many to be his finest work. Interesting as it is, however, we cannot think it so interesting as either the "Margaret in the Church" or "The Last Walk," pictures surpassed in tenderness and poetic feeling by few, very few, modern productions. Beside these names, others familiar to us will be found well represented—Edouard Frère, Plassau, Willems, Wappers, and Toulmouche—in whose pictures one hardly knows which to admire more, the manual dexterity, the art of he execution, or the delicacy and penetration with which

certain shades of character, eminently French, are depicted.

Two names more widely known than these last are those of Louis Gallait and Baron Henry Leys. Gallait's "Jeanne La Folle," exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1862, and of which the original water-color sketch is in the collection of Mr. Belmont, will interest lovers of the horrible. There are two others by him, "Art and Liberty" and "Columbus in Prison." Baron Leys sends three of the pictures which were in the Exhibition of 1862. They are the original studies for frescoes made to decorate a dining-room in Antwerp. They represent a festival in the middle ages: "The Setting out of the Guests," "The Arrival," and "Preparing for the Banquet." The English contributions to this collection are not as valuable as we could wish. We shall have the opportunity of comparing the work of Cooper and Lee with that of our own fossils. MacIse sends us his "Macbeth Startled by the Ghost of Banquo," while the newer men are represented only by the one best known to us Americans, F. Leighton, whose pictures, however, are always welcome.

STATUETTES and busts of President Lincoln are becoming quite numerous. In many of them the likeness is reasonably well preserved, but they almost all fail in the figure. At Mr. Schaus's gallery we have examined a statuette by Mr. A. Kneesi, which just lacks a little more simplicity and unconsciousness to be good. It was Mr. Lincoln's absolute freedom from the least suspicion of conventional manners, his ease and freedom, that made artificial people think him awkward. At Mr. Knoedler's there is a very finely finished bust of the late President by an Italian sculptor, Pio Fedi, of Florence, which is worth looking at. It is worked up very delicately with what must, we think, be called a finical niceness of detail. The hair, the collar, the neck-tie, the very seam in the back of the daintily fitting coat, are given, and the impression is hardly that of the subject's individuality, which had little of the dandy in its composition. Work like this belongs to the species "furniture;" it has not the force of sculpture. But, it is clever of its kind.

MR. TOWNEND GLOVER, whose name, by the way, is always getting misspelled "Townsend," has received from a French society the gold medal for the best entomological collection. Mr. Glover is an Englishman by birth—that is to say, he was born at sea, on an English vessel, of English parents; his childhood was passed in Brazil, he was educated in Germany, and finally married an American lady, and settled in Fishkill-on-Hudson. He is a man of various talent, ingenious in many ways, learned in many directions, but with his strongest leaning, perhaps, to the science of entomology. We doubt if any man in America knows the insect-world more thoroughly and practically than he, and he has applied his knowledge with persevering energy and curious skill to the investigation of the history and habits of the more noxious members of this populous society. His ingenuity contrives innumerable ways of preserving them; and he has perfected valuable inventions for recording his investigations; new processes for taking casts of their bodies and separate parts; new methods of engraving his drawings; methods and processes which he surrounds with no mystery, and shuts up by no penalties. Why should he? No one who has not equal skill with himself can use them. But it is more with his artistic skill than with his mechanic or scientific that we are concerned. His water-color drawings of butterflies, moths, and coleoptera have long made him a local fame among his townsmen, and men like A. J. Downing, Charles Downing, Dr. Grant, and Mr. Edwards well knew what were worth his keen observation, his tenacious memory, his most skillful hands. At one time he applied himself to making casts of fruits and vegetables, which were afterwards colored by him with close following of nature, and, when finished, in form, in weight, in size, and in color, deceived the unwary and delighted those who knew. Of course, deception was not the object, nor art either, but use; and his intention was to enable country societies, as well as the richer ones of the cities, to have complete collections of all the approved varieties of fruits and vegetables. His own collection, of which he preserved all the molds, was very extensive; but we believe that, after selling it to the government, he became discouraged—though it was hard to discourage him—with the apathy of the country people, and never made another. His skill in drawing is exquisite, his accuracy most scholarly, and his sense of form most delicate. There is nothing creative in his genius; but the perfection to which he carries his work entitles him to this cordial recognition on our part, and mention among art and artists.

MESSRS. ALFRED MARME & SON, of Tours, will publish in November "The Holy Bible after the New Vulgate Translation, with Designs by Gustave Doré." It will be

published in two volumes folio. The designs are two hundred and thirty in number, and each page is ornamented with wood-cut borderings and other illustrations by Giaconelli. The price will be 200 francs.

MR. KNOEDLER has just received a few copies, in chromolithograph, of John Leech's sketches in oil of subjects contributed to *Punch*. In 1862, Mr. Leech exhibited in London a large number of these sketches in oil, which, though they did not add greatly to his reputation, for he had not much technical skill except with the lead-pencil, yet made him known, perhaps, more extensively. The original drawings for the wood-cuts in *Punch* were enlarged by a mechanical process and transferred to canvas, and Mr. Leech then worked them up and colored them. In execution they are strong and coarse, but the humor of incident and much of the facial expression is preserved. The old servant who has the young lady in charge, and who expostulates with her on her determination to take the hedge, could not have been surpassed by Hogarth; how full of expression that podgy forefinger! The scene on the croquet lawn might have been better. A game of croquet would make a very pretty subject, and Leech has failed here where he seldom failed—in the faces and figures of his women. Best of all, however, is the little boy on the Shetland who is bent on swimming the ditch:

"Hold hard, Master George. It's too wide, and uncommon deep!"

"All right, Ruggles, we can both swim!"

Here we have Leech at his best. The pony and the boy are both incomparable. All youth is in them, and may we not say, all England is in them?

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NOTES.

DOMESTIC.

THE Italian opera season in Chicago has been opened by Mr. Grau with "Trovatore," followed by "Faust" and "Favorita," the latter for the re-appearance of Gazzaniga, the former for the débuts of the new singers of his company. Long telegrams describing each night's performance have been sent to the morning paper which refuses to notice the opera in New York. From all that we have heard about Grau's singers, they are really meritorious and form a very good company. Grau will take them in a few weeks to Havana, and in the spring they may be heard in this city.

MARETZEK has produced no novelty at the New York opera house since "Crispino e la Comare," an opera which seems to have fairly taken hold of public favor. Its pretty, sparkling melodies and felicitous concerted pieces are heartily appreciated, and receive excellent interpretation from Maretzek's artists. "Rigoletto" and "Fra Diavolo" have been revived with Mazzoleni as the leading attraction, and Zuechi has renewed her successes in "Norma." The preliminary rehearsals of "L'Africaine" have actually commenced.

IN concerts the leading feature of the past few days has been the resumption of Theodore Thomas's Symphonic Soirées, introducing a new singer in Madame Fleury Urban.

M. JEHN PRUME, a young violinist who comes from Belgium by way of Mexico, gave a concert at Irving Hall last week. Though young, he is one of the most finished and gifted violinists ever heard here, and will make a brilliant success.

WEILL, the pianist, has been engaged by Mr. Grover for a western tour.

PAREPA is meeting with the same success in the western cities that marked her performances here.

RICHARD COKER, the boy soprano, has not succeeded in his concert tour. He sang well, but could not draw paying audiences.

FOREIGN.

ADELINA PATTI is to be the *Juliet* in Gounod's new opera, "Romeo and Juliet."

LIZST has distributed all the money he made by his concerts in Pesth to the poor of that town.

GIUGLINI, the tenor, whose insanity has been referred to in these columns, has died at Pesaro, in his fortieth year.

"L'AFRICAIN" was lately produced in Paris for the seventieth time.

AUBER'S "Bayadere" is to be revived in Paris.

MADAME PENCO, who, for a year or two back, had disappeared from public life, is again singing at the Italian opera in Paris with her old success.

THEY are having a difficulty at Westminster Abbey about organ-blowers. Two are employed at the salary of

one hundred shillings per year. By the addition of a pneumatic touch, requiring more wind, a third blower is needed, and the dean and chapter declare they cannot bear the additional expense.

DUPREZ's new opera, "Joan of Arc," has been twice announced and twice postponed because Brunetti, the prima donna, first had a cold and then lost her father.

BALFE is writing a new comic opera, which will be produced in London this winter.

A SUBSCRIPTION is being taken up in London for the relief of Charles Horn, a son of the late C. E. Horn, the composer, who is in a state of destitution. The widow of C. E. Horn is, we believe, giving music lessons in this city.

HARRISON, the tenor, is again dangerously ill.

THE London Orchestra has coined a new and frightful word with which to refer to an opera singer. It calls Madame Sherrington "an excellent embodier" of the part of Inez in "The African Girl."

HER Majesty's Theater, London, has opened with "Faust," followed by "Fidelio," "Don Giovanni," and "Der Freischütz."

A CURIOUS testimonial to the late Mr. Wallace took place lately at the Town Hall, Leeds, where Dr. Sparks, the organist, played a memorial fantasia, selected from airs in Wallace's different operas, and preceded by the "Dead March" in "Saul." He also gave a similar performance in memory of Lord Palmerston, playing marches by Beethoven, Handel, and Mendelssohn; "Blessed are the dead," by Spohr; "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Angels ever bright and fair," and Beethoven's "Halle-lujah" from the "Mount of Olives." There was a large attendance on this occasion, but not so many as at the Wallace memorial performance.

AUGUSTA BORNHOLT, an oratorio singer from Copenhagen, has appeared in concerts in Edinburgh with success.

MR. LEVEY, a violinist, is making a sensation in the English provincial towns by appearing in a drama intended to convey an idea of the fatalism supposed to follow the footsteps of Paganini. He takes the leading part, and personates the great violinist with much effect, acting well and playing the violin marvelously.

THE popularity of "Rigoletto" is reviving in Europe. At Vienna it has just been produced with De Murska as *Gilda*, and in Paris with La Grange in the same part.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FAULTS OF THE METROPOLITAN PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

The editorial in THE ROUND TABLE of the 4th inst. in regard to the policy of the leading dailies of New York in the matter of news, calls attention to a most important subject. There can be no doubt that the policy pursued by the Associated Press of this city in the collection of telegraphic news has been injuriously restrictive of the enterprise of the metropolitan press, and established a low standard of ability in this particular at least, where the standard should be the highest. The resources and financial ability of the great papers of the metropolis of the Union should be used in such a manner as to make them superior to those of the smaller cities and towns. Under the present system, however enterprising the publishers of a New York daily paper may be, their enterprise is cramped and restricted, and the country deprived of the legitimate results of such enterprise.

It is true that some publishers have desired to improve this condition of affairs, but they have not been able to see their way clear to the accomplishment of this object. The association many years ago secured a monopoly of the European news received at Halifax, and subsequently at Farther Point, Quebec, and Newfoundland. As the telegraph lines to these points have been, and continue to be, monopolies, no paper not in connection with the association can get this news, and this fact alone has compelled publishers of newspapers to become and remain members of the association, and submit to its restrictions. While the association has undoubtedly proved economical to the papers comprising it, and enabled it to limit the number of influential papers, it has destroyed the competition in journalism demanded by the interests of the public, and, as before remarked, lowered the standard and impaired the reputation of the metropolitan press.

It has also proved vastly advantageous to the telegraph companies (the American and Western Union) with which contracts were made, in confining the business of the press of the whole country to those companies, and

in discouraging the establishment of competing lines. It would hardly be credited that in the existing contracts of the Associated Press with these companies, the news-paper publishers bound themselves to an exclusive use of their lines for the transmission not only of the reports of the association, but also of the special news reports which they might have occasion to transmit; and further, that they would not during the continuance of the contract take stock in, or aid in the establishment of, competing lines, and prohibiting their employees also from taking stock in such lines. This contract has nearly expired, and the association is now about to make new contracts. Some of the members of the association are not disposed to submit to such restrictions in the future. And it is probable that some of the more objectionable features will be omitted in any new contract that may be made.

Although the terms of this contract, legally and equitably, were binding only upon the New York Association, its principal agents being in the interests of the telegraph monopolies, they have been enforced upon all papers receiving news from the association, the penalty of any fractiousness having been the deprivation of the association reports, including the European news, of which it had secured the monopoly, as before stated.

The western press having more independence and stamina than that of the East, refused to be bound by that rule of the association restricting them in regard to special news reports to the national and state capitals, and have established a very extensive system of specials from important points. And thus to-day exists the remarkable fact that the leading papers of Chicago and Cincinnati not only rival but excel the metropolitan journals in the variety and fullness of their news reports, and are really more metropolitan in their character than the wealthy and immensely profitable newspapers of this city.

The successful establishment of the United States and other competing telegraph companies will eventually break up this system, and emancipate the press of this city from the shackles which have thus far crippled it. It is unquestionably for the interests of the press, as well as the community generally, that strong and healthy competition should exist in the telegraph business, and such a distribution of its patronage should be made as will aid in the establishment and development of such competition. The press generally appreciate this fact, and look to the association in any new contract which may be made to free them from the restrictions which have heretofore made them parties to an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the telegraph monopolies. This will be the first step towards the elevation of the character of the press, not only of this city, but of the country, and of progress towards making it worthy of the nation and of the times.

ABOUT "THE REIGN OF SCARLET."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

The article on the "Reign of Scarlet" which appeared in a late number of THE ROUND TABLE, if it presents a true view of American society, should be read with shame and sorrow. But while we confess there may be ground for condemnation, we must yet believe that the statements in that article were exaggerated, and the impression designed to be given by it unjust to the women of America. That there are women—old and young—who have had no appreciation of the horrors and miseries of the late war, who could not comprehend the problems, full of solemn interest, which were to be solved by the nation, is undeniably true. If their minds were not aroused and their souls stirred within them during the contest, we cannot expect, now when the sound of war has passed away, that they will be interested in the great questions yet to be settled. But that the mass of American women were ignorant of the peril and distress into which the country was plunged, or in any degree indifferent to the situation, cannot be true. And if the matter were investigated, we think it would appear that of those who are plunging into extravagance and vain display, many are the wives and daughters of men whose incomes have been suddenly increased by taking advantage of the misfortunes of the country, or those whose husbands, fathers, or brothers were either opposed to the prosecution of the war or too indifferent as to the result to risk their lives in battle, give their money to support government, or aid and comfort the thousands of brave men who so nobly did their part in the great work of maintaining law and order in our land. It must be so, for bad as human nature is, there cannot be found many of those women who followed events during the four long weary years, who lived in them day by day—carrying constantly the burden of anxiety for the welfare and preservation of the country, and the agony of

hoping and fear-

ing for the loved ones exposed to hardships and death—not many of these thousands can now be found rushing headlong into pleasure and extravagance. And surely to not one of the vast multitude now enduring the broken-hearted grief for loved ones who died on the battle-field, in the hospital, or, worse than all else, the lingering death of the rebel prison—to not one of these can a gay life have any attraction.

No one can deny that during these dreadful years the women of our land proved themselves equal to the emergency. They certainly did something to encourage and relieve the faithful soldiers who sacrificed so much for their country. And now, in a quiet, unassuming way at home, there are many whose influence over husbands, sons, and brothers is on the side of temperance and purity, truth and righteousness; on the side of justice and kindness to all classes, of mercy towards those who have sinned against their God and their country. The writer of the article alluded to must have had in mind a very small portion of the women of the land. The gay and fashionable ladies of New York do not number half the women of New York, nor do they outnumber the quiet, home-staying, but intelligent and refined, women to be found in the smaller towns and villages. Among them there are young ladies who do not "spend one-third of their time on the street, one-third at the looking-glass, and the remainder in close and confidential relations with some one of half a dozen different young men," and there are mothers who do not teach their daughters that these things are the chief aim and object of life.

It is evident that there is a prevalent spirit of worldliness which is alarming. There is an increased desire for riches and a corresponding love of display. Men are hurrying to heap up gold, and women are lavish in spending it. In some circles the demands of social life are such that if they are fully met there is left no time nor inclination for anything beside. But all over our land there are mothers who realize the responsibility resting upon them, and endeavor to fulfill in the best manner every duty—who strive to educate their children, not only with reference to this life, but to that which is to come. And there are young ladies whose cultivation of heart and intellect fit them for any position or responsibility. We cannot allow that our worthy "great-grandmothers," noble-hearted, pure-minded, and elegant as they were, surpassed in anything that is lovely and of good report many women of the present day.

Some of the customs now too common we wish the writer of the article had discussed more fully. Their evil tendencies should be clearly set forth. We rejoice that THE ROUND TABLE, which has for its aim the highest good of society in all directions, admits within its columns discussions on the follies and errors of the times. If it continue to do so, it cannot fail of accomplishing great good. But the picture drawn to represent the American woman in this article is so lamentable and disgraceful to her that, if we could deem it truthful, we should think the nation utterly forsaken of God, and that the dread experiences just passed, instead of being the refiner's fire, designed to purify—to bring out the pure gold—have been but the beginning of sufferings and perils designed to punish and finally destroy us utterly. But this is not our doom, and I trust that on a more careful survey some hopeful signs will present themselves, which your correspondent will not fail to reveal to us.

We agree heartily with the writer in hatred of unnecessary display in dress and the blind following of any fashion that may be introduced. But even in this matter, is it not true that the majority of ladies prefer quiet colors and modest simplicity of style? As to the color, red, to which such strong objection is made, we know not why it may not be to some extent admissible. Should not a lady's dress in some degree conform to the indications of nature? Autumn flowers and autumn foliage are always bright and cheerful, as if to compensate for the chilly winds and cold frosts so soon to follow. Until recently, dark colors have prevailed for several years. There is always a tendency to rush from one extreme to the other. Very few women follow the extreme of any fashion, and very many vary styles to suit their own ideas of taste and propriety. We fear the matter of ladies' dress will continue to be the subject of discussion as long as the world stands. Tastes differ, and uniformity in dress and style of living can never be attained. But there can be, and there will be, a high-toned public opinion which is opposed to everything merely frivolous or for vain and foolish display, and which will uphold everything that is virtuous and holy.

We welcome every effort in that direction, and honor the motives which undoubtedly prompted the writing of the article alluded to, but we cannot subscribe to it as telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

A LADY READER

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OFFICE: 132 NASSAU STREET.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

THE ROUND TABLE appears this week with supplementary pages, by which greater accommodation is afforded to advertisers, and the literary departments are rendered still more complete. THE ROUND TABLE now presents more announcements of publishers than any weekly journal in the country, and thus adds not a little to its general value and interest. It is the purpose of its conductors to make every department of the paper keep pace with the wants of the reading and literary public; and it is with no little pleasure that they point to the increasing interest manifested in the various fields of literature, as shown by the advertising columns of this week's issue of THE ROUND TABLE. Seekers after literary news will find it essential to search the columns devoted to business notices, as well as to peruse those more especially devoted to literary matters.

A PLAIN TALK WITH GENERAL GRANT.

WE are glad to know that General Grant has left New York. Not but that we deem his presence an honor to any city, but for his own sake we rejoice that he has gone elsewhere. Proud of him as our Lieutenant-General; admiring him as the deliverer of his country at a time when it seemed almost doubtful whether its armies would succeed or trail their banners in the dust; reverencing him as a moral hero in that he showed that he could be magnanimous in the hour of victory as well as brave in the day of battle, we regretted more deeply than we have the heart to express his conduct during his stay in the metropolis. We are no hero-worshippers, but there was that in this man that could not but win our respect. There is certainly stuff in him that heroes are made of. Less than five years ago he was a plain tanner in the West, respected by all with whom he came in contact, beloved by those who knew him best. To-day his name is mentioned with honor by the civilized world. He ranks with the great commanders of history. Henceforth he will be mentioned in the same category with Napoleon and Wellington and Washington, as a general who led great armies to victory and ever stood ready to treat a vanquished foe with the magnanimity that only great minds are capable of. And when he had won his last and greatest triumph and a nation was rejoicing over the overthrow of one of the vastest rebellions of history, instead of entering, in the rôle of victor, the city which for four years had resisted all assaults, he quietly hastened to his office in Washington and made arrangements for the reduction of our armies. There was something grand in this. What wonder, then, that the people regarded him with such high respect! It would have been a greater marvel if that measure of respect had been withheld.

Latterly, however, his course has pained the better class of the community. When first he left the capital and received at every step the ovations of a grateful people, there was reason for believing that

he accepted them reluctantly and was simply traveling about on business connected with his position as Lieutenant-General. But since then he has been on other tours, and lately has paid a visit of several days' duration to the metropolis. This was well enough in itself; but there were incidents connected with it which do him no credit. It would have been well for him, well for the position which he fills so ably, and well for the country which holds him in such high esteem, if the daily press had not recounted them to the public. Would that he had possessed one true friend to dissuade him from yielding to the allurements which were so adroitly placed before him. But he yielded, and the scandal has ere this coursed along the electric wires throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Who were the men with whom Lieutenant-General Grant consorted during his stay in New York? Prominent among them was one George Wilkes, a notorious "sporting man," and editor of a so-called "sporting" paper published in this city. This is the person who, a few years since, went to England as the champion of a low fellow by the name of Heenan, and backed him in his fight with an equally low fellow named Tom Sayers. The last-mentioned person has never been in this country that we are aware of; and as for Heenan and Wilkes, we are sure that neither of them ever gained admittance into the society of gentlemen, still less of ladies. Concerning Wilkes, we have never heard a word against his personal character. All we know or care to know about him is, that he is not a person of whose acquaintance a true gentleman would venture to boast. We hear of him as figuring at prize-fights, billiard matches, and horse-races, rather than in the society of the intelligent and refined. Yet, this is the man with whom Lieutenant-General Grant went out to ride. Together they viewed a display of what a daily paper terms "the crack horse-flesh of the vicinity." The prominent sporting men of the city, we learn from the same paper, were present, as might be expected. Reading of this, we instinctively recur to Washington, and wonder if he would have lowered himself so far as to consort with the leading "sporting men" of his day, and view "the crack horse-flesh of the vicinity." We think of Lieutenant-General Grant's honored predecessor in office, and ask if the venerable Winfield Scott would accompany such a man as George Wilkes to a popular race-track to see a lot of horse-jockeys show off a pack of race-horses. We recall the name of Abraham Lincoln, and resent as a personal affront the thought that, with all his peculiarities, he would have allowed himself to be chaperoned about New York by a leading "sporting man." We are not unmindful of the fact that a public man is, by virtue of his office, oftentimes compelled to meet those whom he would spurn in private. We make all due allowance for the persistency with which persons of low associations will foist themselves upon their betters; but we are unable to excuse the Lieutenant-General of the United States for meeting, on terms of familiarity, men who have yet to cross the threshold of decent society. Those who seek his society are not to blame. Dogs will follow men, and show signs of delight at the recognition of their presence. The responsibility attaches to the men, not to the curs. So it is as regards the human species. A man is known by the company he keeps, and he who consorts with characters whom good society eschews must expect to be judged accordingly.

We speak thus plainly because of the high esteem in which, in common with the American people, we hold General Grant. The country owes him a debt, for the payment of which no emolument that it can offer him is too great. But he owes it to himself, to the country, and to his high position, to keep at a respectful distance the men whom he has allowed to associate with him in this city on terms of such familiarity. True, ours is a democratic government, but that is no reason why a proper degree of respect should not be paid to our rulers on the one hand, and the rulers, on the other, should not maintain the self-respect that is due to their office. The existence of the former is, in great measure, dependent upon the latter. And if the highest officer in the army sees fit to hob-nob with horse-jockeys and "sporting men" generally, how can any one complain of the people

for not paying to high officials the deference due to their position, if not to them in person?

THE NEW ENGLISH CABINET.

THE not unexpected death of the veteran minister who has for the past six years guided English policy has given the press of that country the opportunity for a great variety of conjectures regarding the succession. There is no doubt that the unity of counsels which has lately prevailed was owing almost solely to the personal influence of Lord Palmerston. The original formation of the present cabinet was considered quite a miracle of political craft; and the harmony which has succeeded has been no less astonishing in the eyes of a nation which has been long accustomed to the impatient rivalry of ambitious statesmen. Lord Palmerston alone could have formed such a cabinet, he alone could keep such a cabinet together. He being the most popular man in England, because England recognized in him the personification of the nation, it was a hopeless task on the part of other statesmen to endeavor to oust him, while to accept office under him was not difficult, both because he was so good-natured, and because he, of all men, best knew and best served England. Thus the phenomenon was seen of several statesmen who were earnest aspirants for the premiership coming together under the leadership of a rival—men of quite antagonistic precedents waiving their own views in subordination to those of another. The cabinet as originally formed, and as now existing, consists of three distinct factions; it is by no means a compact party. First the old line aristocratic "Revolution-family" whigs, the disciples of Fox and Grey, at the head of whom are Earl Russell, the Duke of Somerset, Sir George Grey, Earl Granville, Lord Westbury, and Sir George Lewis. Secondly, the "Peelites," or free-trade conservatives, consisting of the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Ripon, Sir Roundell Palmer, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Herbert, and Mr. Cardwell. Thirdly, the radicals, well represented in ability if not in numbers by Mr. Thomas Milner Gibson and the Hon. Charles Peiham Villiers. Of those mentioned, Sir George Lewis, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Herbert have died, and Lord Westbury has resigned in consequence of a vote of censure passed by the House of Commons. Lord Cranworth, regular whig, has succeeded to the chancellorship, and the Earl of Clarendon, another regular whig, has already become Secretary of State in place of Earl Russell. The variety of politics, therefore, remains nearly as distinct as before; the cord which has hitherto bound them is broken. It is true that Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has greatly modified his views since he entered the cabinet. He was formerly a disciple of the conservative doctrines of Peel, and the staunchest of the champions of Episcopacy. He is now looked upon as, if not a radical at all points, at least verging toward radicalism, and already the advocate of free trade and a broader suffrage.

These three factions, then, are now left without the link which the name and influence of Palmerston made necessary. Earl Russell has, for the time, assumed the seat left vacant by the late venerable Premier. Whether he will continue in it is a question, and a question which must be decided within a few months at the furthest. The fate of the new Premier will depend upon contingencies which he has never before been called upon to face. There are at least two persons, now members of the cabinet, who are supposed to be aspirants to the premiership; one of them is certainly so. These are William E. Gladstone, at present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Earl Granville, at present President of the Council. Mr. Gladstone is universally acknowledged to be the ablest man in the House of Commons, and one of the most popular men in the country. His recent course, favorable to liberal ideas, has already marked him out as the coming man. Without him the present cabinet could not exist a day, for the recent elections have resulted in the choice of a Parliament of which a majority are undoubtedly disciples of Gladstonian politics. Being so great a power in Parliament and in the cabinet, Mr. Gladstone is thus able to hold the Premier in *terrorem*, and stands in a position in which he can take immediate advantage of a mistake on the

part of Earl Russell. Earl Granville is the most elegant and accomplished gentleman at the English court. Always courteous and good-tempered, possessing manners which conciliate the good-will of adversaries, and thoroughly experienced and able in official life, no man could gather about him so strong a support from the liberal and wealthy aristocracy. There seems to be no doubt that he is also the decided favorite of the sovereign. The fact that he is so universally well liked, so entirely competent, and in such favor with the crown, makes him a rival whom Earl Russell can by no means despise. Another difficulty with which the new Premier will have to contend will be a want of brilliant supports in the House of Commons. Sir Roundell Palmer, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone the only powerful orator on the ministerial benches that is left, looks for a promotion to the chancellorship and the lords at the convening of Parliament. Lord Cranworth, the present Chancellor, accepted office, after the retirement of Lord Westbury, with the understanding that he was to hold it only during the recess. As Sir Roundell Palmer is Attorney-General, the chancellorship is due to him on the rotatory principle. Thus, instead of having three pillars of strength in the House of Commons—Palmerston, Palmer, and Gladstone—the ministry will have only the last. This cannot fail to put the Premier still more at the mercy of Mr. Gladstone. It remains to be seen who will be selected to help him in managing the House. Doubtless Earl Russell would be charmed to welcome Lord Stanley to the cabinet; but Lord Stanley is shrewd, and bides his time. He would be a valuable accession to any ministry.

Still another dilemma which faces Earl Russell is the question of reform, of which he was once the apostle, but about which he has been strangely silent of late. Very many of the new whig members of Parliament are certainly strenuously favorable to further reform, and these will be led by Mr. Gladstone. But there is, with equal certainty, a minority of the new whigs opposed, as Lord Palmerston was, to the agitation of that question; and, from past experience, it is to be conjectured that some of the most powerful men in the ministry will not favor reform; this may be said of the "liberal conservatives" and of the more moderate old whigs. The Queen herself, as far as she has evinced any feeling on the subject, is believed to be inimical to it. Thus it will be apparent that Earl Russell has succeeded to other difficulties besides the settlement of American demands, and that his position is, to say the least, by no means a substantial one. We are led to hope that the day is not far distant when an unequivocally liberal, enlightened, and patriotic administration of English affairs will supersede the worn-out race of politicians of whom Earl Russell is the present chief.

FOR once a coroner's jury has done its duty, and done it well. A switchman at Newark, by whose gross neglect of duty a through Washington train was hurled from the track, killing one person outright and wounding others, has been charged by verdict of the jury with manslaughter, and for this he is likely to be indicted and tried. This looks like an earnest move in the right direction. American railways have become very Golgothas under the reign of reckless brakemen, drunken switchmen, stupid watchmen, and powerless conductors. It is but poor consolation to look back in the files to make a numerical pyramid of distorted and mangled human beings, mashed by the fiendish hand of carelessness within three or four years. Enough to know that the trail of broken bones reaches across every state and into almost every man's dwelling. And not until this Newark jury have we heard of any decided, effective effort to put a stop to the merciless slaughter. As much of punishment as it is possible to be inflicted upon any human being guilty of the heinous crime of manslaughter, we hope may be visited upon this unfortunate switchman who led a couple hundred men and women into the jaws of death. The prompt action of the jury cannot be too much commended. Then let it be followed up whenever a railroad casualty can be traced to neglect of duty, and we shall soon feel that to ride upon a railway is not a ride into the embrace of death.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, November 1, 1865.

BY THE NEW GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THROUGH the rain and mist, last Sunday, I made my way to the old Abbey to hear a discourse by Dean Stanley on the late Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston. I obtained a seat close to the railing which surrounds the fresh grave. The little choristers sang out the responses very sweetly, and the vast crowd listened reverently. It was only three of the clock, and yet the candles had to be lighted, so gloomy was the day. Some old English hymns and chants, all in "sad, perplexed minors," were sung, and then Stanley came out, his fine, intellectual face beaming with a faith and a truth which he had to utter. I was curious to hear what one who, politically and religiously, was far removed from the dead Premier could and would say on such an occasion. He began by saying that he would leave all questions of political and religious differences—would leave, too, those private questions between the man and his God—leave them where his Church left them, to the judgment of Him who, by his mighty working, is able to subdue all to himself. He observed that each of those whose distinctions in life had allotted them a tomb in that Abbey furnished their countrymen with a different lesson of some kind. The first that he found with Palmerston was, that he had reached his eminence of so many years by the exercise of powers quite within the reach of ordinary people. Not by any great genius, not by any unusual circumstances, but by diligently pressing to the utmost ordinary abilities had he accomplished so much. This was an encouragement to those who despaired of accomplishing much with their common gifts. The next lesson that he found in the life just closed was, that he had maintained his power over all parties by an unvarying cheerfulness and courtesy with all. He never lost his temper; he was never irritated by opposition; he was never bitter. This example he commended to those who thought that they served God and man by being severe, morose, or even serious at all times. In the next place he (Palmerston) loved, and was faithful to, England. The dean drew here a graphic picture of what England signified in the world of humanity, and the need she had of patriotic service. The discourse was, on the whole, not only very eloquent, but it had that rare quality in funeral sermons—it told no lies. There was no putting of darkness for light, or of light for darkness; it did not suspend eternal laws in deference to a distinguished Englishman; it eliminated every strong and adequate quality which Palmerston really had, and impressed us with the necessity that these qualities should be consecrated to higher aims than those for which Palmerston lived and labored. Though the sermon was eloquent, it was not equal to the hymn from Spohr's "Last Judgment"—which was sung by the children of the choir after it—"Blest are the departed." Indescribably beautiful were those pure voices which bore upward to, and beyond, the solemn arches of the old Abbey the plaintive hymn for souls that have ceased from earthly turmoil. As the strain, so tender and pure as a crystal stream, came forth, the very gloom of the day seemed to yield to it; the mellow light of the sunset flushed the fretted ceiling, thence stole down until the great window, passionate with the forms of saints and confessors, was kindled anew; then down to soften the marble figures under which heroes and poets rest, until the golden glory flooded the vast crowd that sat still and rapt. In that light, blending with the solemn strains, one could feel only the spirit of Him that maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good alike, and could think of a fairer and nobler form leaving that new grave with its outworn shell, and ascending to the realm of purity and joy. His faults were the faults of the age which bore him, and which he had long survived. His earthly life was seen by the light of an advanced age and culture. There was much good in him, too. "Apparent virtues," said Lord Bacon, "bring fame, occult ones fortune." Palmerston had more fortune than fame. His errors and sins were patent; but it must not be forgotten that they would have weighed him down had it not been for some qualities of a stronger and better kind. Success, even of a temporal kind, is a flower that must be fed from many roots stretching deep and far. No man of eminence would be more unfit to present for the homage of mankind; but there is no man whose powers were more unmistakably those which admit of the highest application. A little change of organization and the common flint becomes an opal.

CITY SENSATIONS.

First of all comes Bennett's clock. It may have caught my reader's eye that a certain Bennett has been up be-

fore the Lord Mayor several times on the charge of creating a nuisance on the great thoroughfare, yeelped Cheapside. The Lord Mayor has been unable to do anything with Bennett, or to abate the nuisance. This trouble results from the chronic crowd which stands on the street to gaze upon the great clock with which the celebrated watchmaker has, in furtherance of his business, ornamented his shop-front. Under two arches in the wall, one above the other, stand four figures, of life-size. In the lower are the patron geni of London—Gog and Magog—who strike every quarter of an hour with a musical double-stroke. Above stand on each side of a bell the Muse of History (I suppose) and Father Saturn, so flesh-tinted and life-like that the country folk blush and declare that he (Saturn) "ought to be ashamed of himself to stand afore a lady in that way." Saturn holds a mallet in his hand, and strikes the hours. It is a pity John Leech is not alive to sketch the crowd that gathers before this exhibition all day. Pockets are picked at the pleasure of the chevaliers; travelers hastening to catch trains rave at cabby in vain; horses meet nose to nose, and stand discussing their thankfulness to Bennett, the drivers only too glad to sit with upward gaze, knowing that the police are helpless to make them "move on." In fact Bennett has blockaded Cheapside, and he insists that if he takes down his clock, all other show-windows will have to be suppressed also. It is a knotty point, and B. may have to be bribed. The second sensation is Col. Stodare's Sphinx, at the Egyptian Hall, which consists of a head in a box, on a table unconnected with the floor except by one slender support, which talks 'and so forth with such comical expression of countenance, and adaptation of eyes and mouth to what it is saying, as to make it a vast improvement on the Anthropoglossos exhibited last year. The third sensation is the little toy called "Pharaoh's serpent's egg;" from a little cone an inch high, which is lighted, a snake-like figure, sometimes 15 inches long, slowly coils out. The shop windows are full of these coils, and in all houses an exhibition takes place at dessert. Doubtless you have these in New York; if not, there will soon be a shower of them. The fourth sensation is that we are to have another giant from the Flowery Land. The sandwiches are carrying—(by-the-by, do you know what a sandwich is? It is a moving creature in the semblance of a man who walks up and down London streets, with a large placard in front and another behind him, announcing theatres, dry-goods, shows, and, in election times, "Vote for Jones and the Elevation of Man!")—well the sandwiches are carrying about a flaming advertisement of this kind:

"ANAK THE ANAKIM—Soon.

πολύφημος Comes. Lo, the GIANT POLYPHEME!"

By the way, the Westminster people got a gratuitous view of Chang on Monday. As the vehicle conveying Chang and his party to the Egyptian Hall approached Westminster Abbey, the weight of Chang proved too much for the carriage, the bottom of which suddenly gave way, precipitating the whole Celestial party in the mud. Chang is said to have borne the accident with his usual philosophical equanimity, but poor little Chung Mow was sadly disturbed by the sudden plunge into the mud, and King Moo's modesty was seriously offended. However, they contrived to scramble upon the seats, and managed to retain their position in the vehicle until they were safely deposited at the Egyptian Hall.

MINIATURES.

The most interesting art exhibition which I have ever seen in England closed yesterday at the Kensington Museum. It was a carefully-made collection of the most interesting miniatures in this country, and, probably, in the world. It was arranged under the supervision of gentlemen well known for their æsthetic and historical knowledge—among others Lord Stanley, Charles Kingsley, and Anthony Froude. There must have been some two thousand of these exquisite little pictures of the heroes, heroines, beauties, intriguantes, etc., of the past, for the old and noble families of the country freely lent their treasures to it. One saw here the oldest picture of George Washington, taken when he was a young man, and a very handsome young man, too, got up in genuine French dress, and irresistibly reminding one of Thackeray's literary portrait of him in "The Virginians." I paused long over a portrait—the second in existence—of John Smith, the founder of the Virginian colony. What a shaggy-looking gentleman, to be sure! His hair seems to be standing on end, as if the picture had been made just about the time when Powhatan's tomahawk was descending, and before the gentle Pocahontas had interfered. Samuel Cooper's original miniature of Oliver Cromwell gives one the impression of a depth and tenderness of nature which is not always ascribed to the Protector. This portrait has been pronounced by Carlyle

after a long study of all the portraits of Cromwell, to be the only real likeness. It was from this that the portrait in his "Life and Letters of Cromwell" was taken; but the engraver lost the entire spirit of Cooper's picture. Here is Nelson in every variety of attitude, but nowhere showing so much the real force and affectionateness which were blended strangely in him as in one which the committee was good-hearted enough to place by the side of that Lady Hamilton whom he loved more than good name. The picture of her is the one which Nelson carried about with him in many battles, and which was taken from his person after death. The face is less pleasing than in some other miniatures of her, and represents her looking back over her left shoulder, from which the drapery has fallen down to the elbow, revealing part of a beautiful back. Oh, these young-old great-grand-mothers of ours! what an impudent set they were—though certainly they had magnificent necks. One might only write those lines of Shakespeare's over some of the cases,

"Hide, oh hide, those hills of snow
On whose tops the pinks that grow—"

and so forth. One would think that it must have cost some of the families of this Victorian reign some struggles to admit us, the mob, into their ancestress's chambers at such a time as, according to Ophelia's brother, even the moon is a questionable intruder. Here are duchesses, countesses, ladies, as nymphs and goddesses, and some of them evidently unlaced before their artists and posterity as bravely as Nell Gwynne herself. Of course we expect this with French ladies, and are not disappointed. Madame de Berry, and Madame de Bourgoigne, and a dozen other De Somebodies, justify, certainly, Victor Hugo's boast of the French love of nudity. One of the most exquisite pictures is one of Madame de Staël, in full length, covered only with a thin gauze. A queer and lovely picture is that of Mrs. Fitzherbert's eye—simply the eye—set in a rich gold case, and near it the eye that adored her not wisely but too well, to wit, of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and subsequently left-handed husband of the fair Fitzherbert, who reigned in that ugly old Pavilion at Brighton. Nearly a case-full of pictures of the present royal family shows a vast improvement—due to that handsome young Prince Consort, who had just then (when this miniature was taken) entered upon his career in England. The picture would do well for his eldest son at the time when the latter visited America—though latterly, I am sorry to say, the Prince shows decidedly Georgian features. One of the most beautiful Englishwomen represented is Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, at whose eyes an Irishman whom she once passed proposed to light his pipe, and who with these eyes—and some say lips—electioneered for Fox in Westminster, where this year brilliant ladies imitated her to bring in John Stuart Mill. But the most beautiful woman which the Anglo-Saxon race ever bore was, if her portrait here be correct, Miss Gunning; and I do not wonder that the people so crowded about her when she drove out that the city authorities had to interfere with her hours of movement in order not to have the streets blocked, for it was of her, I believe, that this fact is on record. Can you think of a dew-drop, fired by a morning sunbeam, grown into a human form? Like this must Mildred have looked when Mertoun sang:

"And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of
luster
Hid! the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild
grape cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble."

A LETTER FROM VICTOR HUGO.

At the Students' Congress, now holding its sessions at Liège, the following characteristic letter in reply to an invitation to attend was read:

"BRUSSELS, Oct. 23.

"Your honorable invitation reached me just as I was starting for Guernsey. I regret that I cannot be present at your noble and affecting meeting. Your Students' Congress is taking a generous initiative. You are moving on with the tendencies of the age. It is well. By the fraternity of the student you announce the fraternity of the nations; you are realizing to-day what we are dreaming of for to-morrow. Who should be the advance guard but you, young people? The union of peoples, the great aim, though far remote, of thinkers and philosophers, is now visible in you. I applaud your work of concord and of peace among men, which is already made between our children. I love in youth its resemblance to the future. One gate is open before us. On that gate is written, 'Peace, light, liberty.' Be the first to pass through it. You are worthy of the honor. It is the triumphal arch of progress. Yours, from the bottom of my heart,
V. Hugo."

The reading of this letter was received with loud applause.

LITERATURE.

"Napoleon Ier Peint par Lui-même," is the title of a

work which is producing some sensation on both sides of the channel. The author is M. Raudot, and he has made up a terrible monument for the first Napoleon, by bringing together extracts from the voluminous Napoleonic correspondence which is being published by installments under the supervision of Prince Napoleon. These letters show that Napoleon was capable of any meanness as well as of any crime. There is one letter that arranges and commands espionage upon Madame de Staël, whom he hates above all women, and Benjamin Constant. He would cut out the tongue of a lawyer that would wag against the government. His tone is always irritable, low, and egotistic, and his inclination seems to always be for the pettiest expedients, which were not even redeemed by being smart. I send you the following translation of one of the letters. It was written to his brother Joseph and to Junot, and relates to some small popular movement in Italy:

"You will not tranquilize Italy by phrases. Follow my example at Binasco. Burn a large village; shoot a dozen insurgents. My intention is that the village where the mutiny broke out be burnt, that the priest now in charge of the bishop at Plaisance be shot, and that three or four hundred of the insurgents be sent to the galleys. Burn two or three villages; let no vestige of their existence remain. . . . You are far too good for the country over which you rule. You must disarm the people, have them judged and transported. Never pardon. Let six hundred at least of the insurgents be shot. They killed more than that amount of my own soldiers. Burn the houses of thirty of the principal persons in the villages, and divide their property among your troops. Disarm all the inhabitants, and pillage five or six of the villages which have mutinied. . . . I very much wish the Naples *canaille* would revolt. Until you have made an example you will never be its master. Every conquered country requires a rebellion, and I should consider a rising at Naples as the father of a family might the small-pox breaking out among his children, provided it did not weaken the patient too much. It is a salutary crisis."

A rather curious contrast, is it not, to the letter before copied of Victor Hugo, the exile to Guernsey?

A new encyclopedia is to appear in Paris, under the auspices of M. Pereire, who will advance 500,000 francs towards the expenses of the undertaking. A great number of distinguished writers, including several famous political economists, have promised to contribute to this work.

The naturalists call those little eccentric animals that are found where they were not geologically to be expected *Paradoxidea*. What will the literary geologists of the future, when they dig far down in the lowest sandstones of English thought in 1865, call such a thing as this which appeared in last week's *Record*?

SIR: The public are often determined in purchasing books by the character of the house which publishes them. We all know what to expect from Seeley's or Nisbet's or Hatchard's firms; but we do not as yet know what to expect from Alexander Strahan's. A work in two volumes has lately been published by that house entitled "Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy," portions of which are thus described in the "British Quarterly Review" for July, 1863. [Here follows an extract, charging part of the work in question with "the dreariest and most audacious scepticism."] It is well that your readers should know that while Mr. Alexander Strahan publishes some works that are unexceptionable in doctrine, the mere fact that a book is published by this firm is no guarantee for its orthodoxy. OBSERVER.

In the course of a severe review of Miss Braddon's last novel, "Sir Jasper's Tenant," the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that, "having failed to stir the sources of sympathy with what is good and honest, having chosen to rely on the vulgar instincts of vulgar readers, incapable of interesting us in human beings or in human trials, incapable of enlarging our experience or of gratifying a refined taste, she produces novel after novel with admirable energy and vitiating results."

In speaking of the "Lyra Americana: Hymns of Praise from the American Poets" (American Tract Society's publication), the *Reader* says:

"If America can claim so great a poem, she possesses the materials for a most respectable anthology. In sweet and unpretending lyrics her literature is singularly rich, and the religious verse she has given us during the few years of her activity may rank with that which England has produced during a corresponding period."

In the course of the article to which I refer, the *Reader* says "The 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' of Miss Adams, is already popular in this country, though we were unaware of the name of its author." It was not so wonderful, perhaps, that the editors of the Tract Society should have appropriated to America the beautiful hymn of Sarah Flower Adams, who never saw America in her life; but it is rather odd that a first-class London literary journal should not be able to make a reclamation.

It is announced that some of the younger members of the Anthropological Society in London are about to start a sort of scientific *Punch*, to be called *Gammon and Spi-*

nach, in which scientific Philistines of the genus Murchison are to be ridiculed.

Amongst the many mementoes which the one hundredth anniversary of Schiller's birth called forth was a cantata by Meyerbeer, which was performed in Brussels, has found its way to this country, and is performed at the Oxford Music Hall. The sentiments which Meyerbeer illustrated in the cantata breathe devotion to the memory of the poet, and bring out in relief his exertions for the enfranchisement of Fatherland; and the composer deals with his subject in a manner worthy of his fame.

"Mehemet the Kind, and other Tales from Eastern Sources," is the title of a new collection of Eastern tales, similar to those in the "Arabian Nights," and which will shortly appear at Messrs. Bell & Daldy's. They are translated from the Arabic, Turkish, and Persian languages, by Mr. Charles Wells, a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, who, some years ago, wrote in Turkish a treatise on political economy, which was highly spoken of by orientalists, and for which the council of King's College awarded a special prize.

Here is a specimen of giving the "opinions of the press" on a new book not altogether unknown, perhaps, in New York. The *Spectator*, having flayed a new poet, said: "And this extraordinary production Mr. — modestly conceives to be equal to Goethe!" In the advertisement of the work the following appeared: "Extraordinary production . . . equal to Goethe."—*Spectator*.

John Maxwell advertises to-day the following book, with the attractive price of two shillings added to its attractive title:

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ACTOR. BY WALTER DONALDSON, Comedian. These Recollections are entirely original, and they relate most curious anecdotes, Green-Room Gossip, and Dramatic Incidents, most of which occurred to the author in his professional intercourse with actors from the days of Edmund Kean to the present time.

Mr. J. Henegues Jesse's "Life of George III., from Published and Unpublished Sources," is to be issued Dec. 1. His "England under the Stuarts" leads one to expect a valuable production.

It has always been the rule with the representatives of the Spanish government in foreign lands to send home to their governments a vast deal of private fact and gossip, strictly confidential and never meant to reach the public. Hence the importance of the Spanish archives beyond those of any other country. It is only lately that the Spanish government has consented to even a partial admission of historians to archives of one or two centuries back, so strict is the traditional watch over these papers. Mr. Froude is the first, I believe, who has ever been able to get at the very important documents relating to Queen Elizabeth which are at Salamanca, which will make his history superior to all others. (Scribner ought to have paid him something for it, too.) It is now announced, much to the satisfaction of the literary world, that a journal similar to "Notes and Queries" is to be published in Spain, which will consult those treasures freely. M. D. C.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, Nov. 20, 1863.

I turn to three volumes of poetry, from the University Press, laid over from last week. This little book of T. B. Aldrich's "Poems" makes the forty-fifth volume, in the "blue and gold" shape, which Ticknor & Fields have issued. It is the form certain to insure for a book the widest circulation. Of all the well-known poets on their list, which are brought out also in 12mo and other sizes, there is none but gains his greatest number of readers in these pocketable volumes. Of all, also, which have taken this shape, there are few characterized by a more genuine poeticalness than these productions of Mr. Aldrich, a share of which have made their first appearance in THE ROUND TABLE. What I mean by poeticalness is a certain indefinable something lifting the thought into a more exhilarating atmosphere, and sometimes playing above and through the verse like the glimpsing glows of fire-flies—too impalpable for definition, and too much a mere feeling to be reduced wholly to words. I may seem to be writing blindly, but what I mean is well shown by a brief citation. In the longest and, in many respects, the best poem of this volume, occurs this symbol of what everybody has felt in looking at such a prospect:

—"In summer when the bearded wheat
Leans all one way, and with a longing look
Marks the quick convolutions of the wind."

It is one thing to humanize an insensate object, but quite another to render that humanization poetical—to give to what is literally an airy nothing a local habitation and a name. Take an opposite rendering, when human, it is to be more than mummified, and rendered ghastly by its lifelessness. It is from the same poem, where—after Judith has decapitated Holofernes and fled, the Assy-

rian's bondman makes the discovery of his headless trunk, and shrieks the tidings—and mark what follows:

"Then ceased the tumult sudden as it rose,
And a great silence fell upon the camp,
And all the people stood like blocks of stone
In some deserted quarry."

The petrifying power of amazement is no new discovery in poetry, certainly, but the merit is to give it the aspect of a sudden, utter desolation. The point is to degrade humanity to "complete insensateness," and yet invest the change with such a feeling of blank despair as links the stones themselves back again with human feelings. Mr. Aldrich may, perhaps, think this a mighty pothe about a mere metaphor that slipped almost unconsciously from him; but that it *could* slip so easily is its test of excellence. Contrast it with another:

—"Judith, who knew all the mountain paths
As one may know the delicate azure veins,
Each crossing each, in his beloved's wrist."

This is exquisite, and it is just as far as Tom Moore rose into the heaven of poetry; but it is too palpable for nicest feeling, too minutely parallelized—in other words, what we want is the song of the skylark, heard only while the eye cannot trace its flight. There is just the same fault, or rather, I should say, failure to reach the unearthly heights, in this other, clever as it is in a mere translation of aspect:

"In yonder yawning cave of cloud
The snaky lightning writhes with pain."

To feel in comparison with this something that seems to me more aerated with the untrammelled ether, let me turn into English a thought that I remember in a little German poem of Otto Roquette's. He is speaking of the aspect of the heavens after a burning summer's day, as if it

"—expressed
The flickering fagots round the martyred day
In films of troubled light that shook the west."

I lay aside these poems as a book I hope to look to again for comparison when Mr. Aldrich's mind, without losing any of its intuition, shall gain something in tone.

The other two volumes bear Sever & Francis's imprint, and in externals do credit to the skill of Mr. Welch and his press, as indeed all the volumes of this "Golden Treasury Series" have. The handling such books is like a skillful prelude of the musician, before he begins his subject—it appetizes the sense, and tones the mind, particularly if the contents be poetry. The first is "The Sunday Book of Poetry," selected and arranged by Cecil Frances Alexander. The compiler seems to intend her book for children, as she says, of ordinary intelligence between eight and fourteen; but I cannot think she could have varied the contents much had she aimed to satisfy adults. She says she has tested by actual trial that there is little if anything in the entire collection which is not capable of giving pleasure to such children; and, if I may presume myself a fair sample of the adults, there is nothing in it below their enjoyment. I am much of her opinion that children can follow a high order of poetry, if it be not subtle or metaphysical, especially in the form of narrative and with the aid of rhyme, at a surprisingly early age. I would not say they understand it as an adult may, any more than I would affirm that the casual reader of Shakespeare comprehends him thoroughly; but, in either case, enjoyment is not dependent on complete insight. It is just a parallel case with what I attempted above to say of the supremest poeticalness. The child's meaning of lofty phrase may not be definable in their own words, but they have an instinct for divination that seldom errs. Besides, the mere uncertainty is an enjoyment, and the puzzled, big-eyed wonder of a child is much like what some unusual phenomenon causes to the astronomer; he don't understand it, but he knows it has an import that some day will be revealed. Hawthorne held that this was the proper manner to pursue with children's reading, and, in the preface of one of his books for them, he declares his failure to write downward to their comprehension is a matter of intention with him. "Children," he adds, "possess an unestimated sensibility to whatever is deep and high in imagination or feeling, so long as it is simple likewise. It is only the artificial and complex that bewilders them." Therefore, then, while I would not pronounce this collection for Sunday reading above their use, it must be, I think, with their elders that it will find most general acceptance. The object was to make something apart from a mere hymnal for the church, nor yet of just the character of Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise," or of Dr. Huntington's "Elim." There was to be interlarded the spirit of something that was elevating, in answer to the natural craving for spiritual revelation for its own sake rather than as a part of Christian training. And as far as it did not appeal solely to our recognition of Deity and the exaction of some high duty, it was to be separated from any collection of sacred poetry, properly so called. Just such a scope is not a new one in these things. There was such a compilation made in England by Emily Taylor some thirty years ago (containing, by the way, some verses on the death of a wife by the late Lord Palmerston), which was reprinted in this city with some editorial changes by John Pierpont, under the title of "Lays of the Sabbath" (now in the catalogue of Walker, Fuller & Co.); and the second series of the "Hymns of the Ages" (Ticknor & Fields) was something similar, not to mention others. In the present volume there are 242 pieces or citations (for the compiler has taken some detached passages rather than reject them with the context), and 113 authors, so that sufficient range was secured to include almost all the English poets of high note, as she terms it, making it serve, in some sort, as a kind of informal introduction to the highest work of English literature. It is not surprising that Keble affords more assistance in respect to the number of pieces than any other; then come Tennyson, Longfellow, and Cowper, in about the same relation; and after them Herbert, Heber, Moore, Pope, Southey, Trench, and Wordsworth. As an English compilation, even among cotemporary poets, the American writers are expectedly in the minority; but I notice among them the names of Coxe, Carey, Doane, Lowell, T. B. Read, E. H. Sears, Sigourney, Whittier, and Willis. The compiler properly confesses a dislike of garbling the poems of her collection, and says she has but very sparingly done so. Such caution, however, can hardly have been exercised upon the second piece in her book, a version by Wither of the 148th Psalm, for it varies considerably from the copy given in the "Book of Praise," which, from the character of that volume, I take had been collated with Wither's text. The present stanzas, however, agree with those given in the "Hymns of the Ages," and their respective compilers have gone to some more modern restorer, I fancy. There is also a metrical error in the hymn from Byrom (not Byron, as she credits it) on page 246. There are something over forty out of the whole 242 pieces in this volume contained in "The Book of Praise;" but otherwise it has a complementary value as regards that excellent collection, completing the circle of religious emotions and thought.

The other volume is entitled "The Ballad Book: a Selection of the Choicest British Ballads, edited by Wm. Allingham"—a reprint, like the other, from the English. I am not aware that we in this country have printed, besides the present volume, more than one other amassment of the old British ballads, and that was the very ample collection that Prof. Child edited for Little, Brown & Co. some seven or more years ago, embraced in eight volumes, and which Mr. Allingham, in his preface to the present volume, calls the largest collection ever published (giving it, however, erroneously, a Philadelphia imprint), and credits the editor with doing his work in an unpretending and gentlemanlike manner. This collection has long since acquired a high reputation among all lovers of this early literature, and in the long list of similar works which its editor prints in his first volume (naming some 200 books in all—while the thoroughness of his labor is attested by his bringing all this number, save eight or ten, to his assistance in the compilation), there is not one so valuable as an aggregation of the presentable in these things as this series. Still, such a mass must necessarily be, if aimed at completeness, of the character that Mr. Allingham has given it, as including the good, the bad, and the indifferent. This was the effect of the editor's purpose to gather nearly all of the ancient ballads, and those rescued from oral tradition—that is, the genuine popular ballads; while, if he had laid under as thorough a contribution the works of professional ballad-makers, such as make up the bulk of "Garlands" and "Broadides," and the Roxburghe and Pepys collection he would vastly have increased the magnitude of his compilation, without gain in utility, and with much accession of dullness. His is a scholar's line of demarcation, and the result is a gathering of all such waifs as even a particular student of these things might desire. It is a matter of some congratulation that while his bibliographical list does not contain a single American contribution, this first accession from our side should be so exhaustive. The same publishers announced a year or two ago a single volume of selected ballads from this collection; but as it never has appeared, the present volume of Mr. Allingham's supplies a want. While Prof. Child has got together between four and five hundred specimens, the present editor has less than eighty, and these of the best of all the kinds. He has sought to give in an elegant little book all that is most vital in ancient balladry, without incurring them with more of comment and elucidation than sufficed to show the origin of each individual one, with perhaps a dash of collateral explanation.

Mr. Allingham has some commendable qualifications for

his task. As an original poet, his productions have shown something of the hearty directness of these old ballads. He has selected topics from the passing haps of life, just as the balladists did—events whose recital appealed to the emotions in the most simple manner. He professes to have a natural affection for ballads, and has paid considerable attention to the collection of the popular effusions of this kind, in circulation even now in his native Ireland, some account of which he wrote for "Household Words" as long ago as 1852, an article which was reprinted here in "The Living Age" at the time (vol. xxxii. 481).

He says that he has recently visited the chief ballad printing offices, as they exist at present, and found that but two of the old ballads were still in the market. This is perhaps strange in view of the directly popular character of these writings, though perhaps the ancient phraseology stands in the way of general acceptance; yet this is easily remedied by modernization, if that be necessary. Miss Mitford, I think, says truly that this antique phraseology is really little detriment even to a child's comprehension, as she judges from her own experience.

It is now just a hundred years since Bishop Percy published his well-known "Reliques;" and what has been done in gleaning from this field in that interval is surprising for its extent. There had been in the early part of that century several publications, like Allan Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany," which had preserved something of traditional or current ballad literature; but for nearly thirty years before 1765 there was not a work of this class published. The MS. folio which instigated Percy is, at present, Prof. Child tells us, in the hands of an English dealer, who is holding it for an enhanced price. It is, perhaps, the most desirable repository of ancient balladry that has not as yet been exhaustively examined.

There is little doubt, in Macaulay's opinion, that much equally valuable with what Percy saved was lost to us because that editor's work had not been undertaken earlier, though Mr. Allingham seems to hold that we may rest assured that what was really valuable had ensconced itself in some place, and existed by reason of its greater vitality, ready for some fortunate explorer to chance upon it. What Percy did, however, was invaluable, for he put beyond destruction what was before at the mercy of any accident. Macaulay, in pointing out how opportunely the rescuer of this kind of literature came upon the scene, suggests, besides the case of Percy, that Scott was just in time to save the precious relics of the minstrelsy of the Border, and refers to the printing of the long-forgotten Nibelungen, in the last century, in Germany, from a chance MS. in the library of some noble family. Since Percy's publication there have been few years in England that have not brought some accession to this department of letters; and the greatest amount of activity seems to have been reached in the decade, 1840-50, while the Percy Society and the Shakespeare Society were at work.

The influence of all this upon our modern poets has been marked. "Perhaps none among us," says Professor Wilson, "ever wrote verses of any worth who had not been, more or less, readers of our old ballads. All our poets have been so, and even Wordsworth would not have been the veritable and only Wordsworth had he not in his boyhood pored over Percy's 'Reliques.'" Writing of Wordsworth, in this connection, reminds me of what Lowell said of the contrasts of our modern way of looking at things compared with the old balladists. He referred to the wood-thrush that in one of the Robin Hood ballads merely serves as a call-bird to waken the outlaw. Wordsworth (said the lecturer—it was before the Lowell Institute, ten years ago) would have caused the bird to express unutterable feelings to the outlaw, made him a very didactic preacher—in fine, another Wordsworth, completely turning the poor bird's head. This is all very true of the spirit of Wordsworth's muse, but it was nurtured at such a fountain, nevertheless. Scott, doubtless, owed more directly his inspiration to these ballads. Macaulay calls him "the great restorer of our ballad poetry," and Scott himself tells us how he remembered the very tree under which he lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's "Reliques." It would be tedious to point out all the symptoms of the effects of these ballads in modern poets, whether in Moore, Southey, Coleridge, Hogg, or others. Kingsley holds that Tennyson, of all the moderns, had imbibed the genuine ballad spirit most purely, as he never jars us with discordant touches of the reflective in thought, the picturesque in nature, or the theatric in action. He does not find this freedom in Percy's restorations, nor in Scott or Campbell; and Dr. John Brown ("Spare Hours," p. 235) has pointed out a glaring instance of Burns's want of appreciative skill.

I cannot further enter into this subject at present, but I find "The Ballad Book" an exceedingly good selection,

in which the text is carefully and considerably treated—for in the multitude of variations there is much room for discrimination—and a preface of thirty-five pages furnishes some well-grounded remarks on the subject, alike free from antiquarian or too imaginative notions, and giving in a brief space all that the general reader will care to know of the ballads themselves, or of what has been done, now and heretofore, for their preservation. For these reasons I commend the book. It is not to be expected that his choice will please all. There is so much influence in associative feeling about individual ballads that may mislead us in judging of it generically, that no two admirers of ancient ballads would coincide in the matter of choosing. I might drop one or two of this selection and substitute others, but I should not like to say that I was not influenced by some peculiar feeling, and that Mr. Allingham's choice was not sounder on the whole.

There is one other product of the University Press just about ready for publication that I wish to mention, because it is one of the best—if not the best—printed book that I have seen from an American press. It is "The Book of Common Prayer," according to the use at King's Chapel, in this city, printed in 18mo with rubricated margins, initials, and directions, all put in with the utmost exactness, the joints of the margin done with surprising accuracy. It is a work that Mr. Welch and his associates may well be proud of. The type on which it is printed, by the way, was of imported Scotch manufacture, cut by a workman who has since been brought to this city, and is now employed in the foundry of Phelps & Dalton. The book in question is published by Little, Brown & Co., whose imprint is never seen on poor products. They are just now producing some very handsome issues of some of

their publications in large paper, viz.: "The British Poets," in 131 volumes; "The British Essayists," in 38 volumes; Palfrey's "New England," in 3 volumes; the forthcoming "Life of Samuel Adams," in 3 volumes; their new edition of Burke, in 12 volumes; and White's "Life and Genius of Shakespeare," each one hundred copies; Parkman's "Pontiac," and his last work; "The Pioneers of France in the New World," and their late issue of "Epictetus," 75 copies each; of Grimm's "Michael Angelo" and Hume's "England," 50 copies each.

Tilton & Co. get out this week their illustrated Tennyson, with Billings's designs. It is a very handsome book, and the artist has brought rare ability to the task. The engraving has been done by various hands, and as Billings draws directly upon the block, it is not left the curious admirer to discern how adequately he has been reproduced. He has doubtless the usual complaint to make of the failure of the graver's tool to follow out all the delicacy of his pencil. Still, on looking through the volume, I find some excellent engraving and not a little fine delineation; so that, on the whole, Mr. Billings can't have fared worse than his fellows usually. I was a little curious to see how he would treat "In Memoriam," which has so little dramatic or picturesque in it that it must almost effectually elude the limner's realizations. He has met the difficulty with some symbolic vignettes, which attest his skill as signally as subjects that offered their purport more palpably for his art. He has avoided landscape throughout, and confined his glimpses of the poet to whatever was chiefly induced with human interest. There are few poets, it is true, that have so little of the merely descriptive of nature as Tennyson; but the spirit of the fields, the ocean, and the sky pervades all his poems

to some degree; and, as one side of his genius, I think it deserves greater recognition than Mr. Billings has given it. But I must defer till another time a closer examination of this volume.

The same publishers will bring out early in December two other illustrated works, the engravings by the brothers Dalziel. The volumes are produced here and in England simultaneously, and are entitled "Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape, with Pictures in Words by Tom Taylor," and "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes, in Original Poems by Jean Ingelow, Dora Greenwell, Mrs. Tom Taylor, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Amelia B. Edwards, Jeanett Humphreys, and the author of 'John Halifax Gentleman,' with pictures by A. B. Houghton." W.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- PHILIP & SOLOMONS, Washington, D. C.—The Political History of the United States of America during the Great Rebellion. By Edward McPherson. Second edition. 1865. Pp. 653.
- T. ELLWOOD ZELL, Philadelphia.—Mackenzie's Ten Thousand Receipts in all the Useful and Domestic Arts, being an entirely new edition, carefully revised and rewritten, and containing the improvements and discoveries up to the date of publication, October, 1865. By a corps of experts. 1865. Pp. 487.
- ALEXANDER STRAHAN & Co., New York.—Journal of Eugénie de Guérin. Edited by G. S. Trevelyan. 1865. Pp. 469.
- Meditations in Advent, on Creation, and on Providence. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. 1865. Pp. 240.
- Miscellanies from the Collected Writings of Edward Irving. 1865. Pp. 487.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—The Children's Hour. By E. W. S. and G. W. M. 1866. Pp. 128.
- FREDERIC A. BRADY, New York.—Cecil; or, The Adventures of a Coxcomb. By Mrs. Gore. Pp. 176.
- JAMES S. CLAXTON, Philadelphia.—The Hortons; or, American Life at Home. By Davis B. Casseday. 1866. Pp. 262.
- WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston.—The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. By John Stuart Mill. 1866. Pp. 182.

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